HORACE,

A

French Tragedy

OF

Monſieur CORNEILLE.

ENGLISHED

By CHARLES COTTON, *Eſq;*

LONDON,

Printed for *Henry Brome*, at the Gun at the Weſt-end of St. *Pauls*, 1671.

To my Dear Sister

Mrs. Stanhope Hutchinson.

DEAR SISTER,

HAD I not when I first undertook this Poem promis'd my self a better success from the Attempt, then I find upon a review of it now it is done, it had never been design'd for you, who deserve much better than the best endeavour of a more happy Translator than I pretend to be: But if I had before too good an opinion of my self, I do yet retain such a respect for you, as would defend your name from so mean a Dedication as this; did I not find my self oblig'd by a vain and imprudent promise to present you what I might have foreseen would at the best prove very unfit to kiss your hands, who ever entertain your self with the best things, and in that discover the best judgment to choose them. However seeing I have made you a promise of this Play, that I want the

Art or the Patience to mend it, and that you are only to ſuffer a private injury, ſince it is never to be made publick: let me beg of you to accept it, with the ſame ſweetneſs you uſually entertain the applications of other your Friends and Servants, who admire and love you: by which acceptance (beſides the honour and obligation you will multiply upon me) you will do a great juſtice to your ſelf, in being favourable to a man, that (if he could write equal to the beſt) would lay his labours at your feet with the ſame humility, and affection, that he now ſubſcribes himſelf,

Beresford,
Nov. 7. 1665.

Dear Siſter,

Your moſt obedient, and

moſt humble Servant,

CHARLES COTTON.

TO THE READER.

IT is evident enough without further Apology, both by the Epiſtle before this Tragedy, and by the Date that Dedication bears, that neither at that time, nor of ſeveral years after, it was ever intended for the publick View; and if it was a piece of diſcretion to conceal it then, it had been a much greater to have ſuppreſt it now, that the ſame Play is already extant from a far better hand; I mean that of the incomparable Mrs. *Philipps*, to whoſe vertuous memory I ſhall ever pay ſo great a reſpect, that I ſhould take him for a friendly Interpreter, who would conceive I had publiſh'd this to no other end, than to do her honour; that is, to make the excellency of her Poem more manifeſt by the imperfections of this of mine: But in truth I am ſo far from doing it out of any kind of deſign, that I am no more concern'd in this Impreſſion, than my conſent comes to, and that rather out of complacency to ſome, who have great authority with me, than out of any ſatisfaction in my own judgment, that I ought in prudence to do it.

It was long ſince writ for the private divertiſement of a fair young Lady, and ever ſince it had the honour firſt

to

to kiſs her hands, ſo entirely hers, that I did not reſerve ſo much as the *Broüillon* to my ſelf; ſo that her leave, as principally neceſſary, was firſt to be obtain'd: neither was it without ſome difficulty, that ſhe was prevail'd upon to give her conſent, ſhe being at the firſt propoſal (either out of modeſty (of which vertue no one has a more commendable ſhare) or out of tenderneſs to her own reputation, or to mine) not very willing to have it printed: But at laſt (I know not how) ſhe being overcome, and I (who had before parted with my Title) having now nothing to do to oppoſe it, it was condemn'd to the Preſs.

Upon theſe terms then you have it openly expos'd for every one to read, or let alone, like, or diſlike at his own pleaſure, or fancy: neither ſhall I ſay more of it than this, that I have ſeen ſome undertakings as ill perform'd, and that if this were to do again, I ſhould think to do it much better; only I think it fit to acquaint my Reader, that the Songs and Chorus to the Acts are all wholly my own; which whether the beſt, or worſt part of the Book, he has free liberty to judge.

However the world will pleaſe to receive it, I ſhall be as indifferent as any man in ſuch a caſe can be; neither ſhall I be angry with any one for telling me my faults, provided he do it after ſuch a manner, as ſhall diſcover he has a deſire I ſhould mend them; his reproof will otherwiſe degenerate into reproach, and that is never, even by the beſt natur'd people, to be very kindly taken.

To conclude, and to ſay ſomething for the encouragement of the Readers, ſuch as ſometimes uſe to throw

away

away an hour upon a Play (however this ſhall ſucceed in their opinion) they can complain of no extraordinary loſs of time; and as to the reſt, the price of the Book will be ſo moderate, as can ariſe to no great matter of repentance.

Beresford,
October 8. 1670.

ERRATA.

PAge 11. line 23. for *this*, read *his*. p.21.l.14.for *Love*,r. *Jove*. p.28.l.7.for *brake*, r.*break*, l.9.for *feer*,r.*free*. l.p:nult.for *contests*,r.*contest*. p.38. l.4. for *Triumph*,r.*Triumphs*. p.42. l. 12. for *with the*,r. *which the*. p.49.l.10.for *direct*, r.*direst*, p.51.l.7. for *these*, r.*those*. l.24.for *this*,r *thy*. p.60.l.15.r.*before*. p.63.l.ult. for *live in*, r. *living*. p.66. l.28. for *the Husband*, r.*her Husband*. p.67.l.9.for *try*,r.*dry*. p.68.l.16.for *bash*, r.*blush*. p.69. l.26.for *quarrels*, r.*quarrel*. p.70.l.18.for *the braveſt*, r.*her braveſt*.

The

The ACTORS Names.

Tullius *King of* Rome.

Horace *the Father, an old Roman Knight.*

Horace *the Son, Husband to* Sabina.

Curiace, *a Gentleman of* Alba, *Servant to* Camilla.

Valerius, *a Roman Knight, Pretender to* Camilla.

Sabina *an* Alban *Lady, Wife to* Horace *the Son.*

Camilla *a Roman Lady, Sister to* Horace, *and in love with* Curiace.

Julia *a Roman Lady, Confident to* Sabina, *and* Camilla.

Flavian *an Alban Souldier.*

Proculus *a Roman Souldier.*

Guards and Attendants.

The Scene *Rome*, in a Parlour of *Horatio's* House.

HO-

HORACE.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Sabina. Julia.

Sabina. APprove my frailty, and permit my care,
In ſuch miſhaps as theſe, too juſt they are;
When threatning dangers do impend ſo near,
The trueſt Courage is allow'd to fear.
Nor can a ſpirit maſculine, and brave,
As nobleſt Hero's would pretend to have,
In ſuch a torrent of calamities,
Practiſe its vertue without ſome ſurprize.
Though mine by theſe Alarms be ſhook, thoſe fears
Oppreſs my heart, prevail not with my tears:
But whilſt my ſorrows importune the skies,
My reſolution governs in mine eyes.
When there we ſtop the ſouls afflictions, then
We more than women do, if leſs than men;
To check our tears at ſuch a time is proof
In our weak Sex of Fortitude enough.

Julia. It is, and more than common ſouls can do,
Who from vain trifles, propheſie their woe;
But a great heart diſdains a fear ſo baſe,
And dares to hope in the moſt deſp'rate caſe.
Before our walls both Camps embattel'd are:
But *Rome* yet knows not the miſchance of War;
Far then from doubt, we ſhould applaud her might,

Rome steps to greatness when she goes to fight.
Then from your bosom banish fears so vain,
To nourish thoughts worthy a Roman's name.

Sabina. Since my Lord's Roman, I am so, alas!
Hymen has made me *Rome*'s concerns embrace:
But 'twere to captivate my soul, should he
Make me renounce my Country's memory.
Alba, where first my infant breath I drew,
Alba my Country, and my first Love too,
When War 'twixt us, and thee proclaim'd I hear
Alike I victory, and ruine fear;
And *Rome* if this thou Treason call, create
Thy self such foes, as I may justly hate.
When from thy prospect two great Camps appear,
Three Brothers there engag'd, a Husband here;
Can I divide my wishes then, and be
Thy votress, *Rome*, without impiety?
I know that in this non-age of thy State,
Thou must by conqu'ring Arms, secure its height.
I know 'twill rise, and that the Destinies
A nobler scope for thy command, than this
Of *Latium* points thee: That by fates decree
The world's vast Empire is entail'd on thee,
And that thou canst not, but by War advance
Thy Title to this great Inheritance.
Far from opposing then that generous fire,
That, Fate obeying, strives to make thee higher,
I now could wish, thy daring Troops to see
Crown'd with a Pyrrhenean victory.
Send out to furthest East those Bands of thine,
And with Pavillions spread the Banks of *Rhine*;
Go on till with invading steps thou make
Th' *Herculean* Pillars at thy Marches shake:
But *Alba* spare for *Romulus* his sake.
Ingrate! remember to her Kings that thou,
Thy Name, thy Walls, and thy first Laws dost owe:
Alba's thy Parent, let that stay thy hand,
E're in thy Mothers Womb, thou sheath thy brand.

Else-

Elſewhere thy ſtill victorious Arms tranſlate,
Shee'l ſmile to ſee her Off-ſpring fortunate,
And raviſh'd with a fond maternal care,
Shee'l pray for thee, if thou bee'ſt juſt to her.
Julia. This ſtrange diſcourſe ſurprizes me, and that
The more to ſee you now ſo paſſionate,
Who when this War broke out, and ever ſince
Have born your ſelf with that indifference,
As you had been *Rome*'s daughter, and ally'd
Unto no intereſt in the world beſide.
I then admir'd your vertue that could bow
Your deareſt intereſts to your Husbands ſo,
And form'd my comforts to you in your moan,
As if your tears had been for *Rome* alone.
Sabina. Whilſt in light skirmiſhes they fought it ſo
As threat'ned no ſide with an overthrow,
And whilſt my griefs were ſooth'd with hopes of peace,
I wholly *Roman* did my ſelf profeſs.
If *Romes* ſucceſs I look'd on with diſguſt,
I blam'd that private envy as unjuſt.
And if when Fortune took my Brothers part,
I felt a guilty joy ſteal o're my heart;
With reaſon ſtraight that joy I overcame,
And wept when Glory triumph'd in their name:
But now that one War's utmoſt chance muſt bear,
That *Alba* ſtoop to *Rome*, or *Rome* to her:
And that, the Battel paſt, there reſts no more
Hope for the Conquer'd; bounds to th' Conqueror:
I barbarouſly ſhould my Country hate,
Could I all Roman be in this eſtate;
Or beg a triumph of the gods for *Rome*,
Which through a torrent of my blood muſt come.
I wean my ſelf from one man's intereſt, and
'Twixt *Rome* and *Alba* now do neuter ſtand;
I fear for both the iſſue of this War,
And will for them Fortune declines, declare;
Equal till then, and then in the diſgrace
I'le only ſhare, and let the glory paſs;

And whilſt the day's deciding will prepare,
For th' Vanquiſht tears, hate for the Vanquiſher.

Julia. What contraries do humane breſts invade!
By ſeveral paſſions, ſeveral minds are ſway'd;
And in this great affair *Camilla*'s breſt
After another manner is poſſeſt.
Her Brother is your Husband, yours to her
A ſervant is, in a concern as dear:
Yet with an eye from yours far different, ſhe
Her blood engag'd againſt her love can ſee.
Whilſt you maintain'd a courage, that throughout
Was brave and Roman, hers irreſolute,
And fearful, dreaded petty skirmiſhes,
Trembling to think of either ſides ſucceſs.
Unto the Conquer'd ſtill ſhe gave her tears,
Fomenting ſo her endleſs griefs, and fears:
But when ſhe now a day appointed knew,
And that a final Battel muſt enſue,
A ſudden joy upon her forehead ſhone.

Sabina. Alas! I fear that alteration!
With an unuſual freedom yeſterday
To young *Valerius* courtſhip ſhe gave way,
And my poor Brother's intereſt laid apart,
This Rival doubtleſs triumphs in her heart.
Long abſence joyn'd with preſent objects do
Debauch her heart from him ſhe gave it to.
Excuſe this paſſion in a Siſters care,
My love to him thus makes me doubt in her:
I raiſe my jealouſie from grounds too light,
Unapt for changes are the days of fight.
In ſuch a time as this few ſouls are fit,
New wounds, or new affections to admit;
And in the noiſe of War our paſſions move
With other thoughts, other concerns than love:
But then we put not on ſuch gayeties,
Such entertainments and delights as theſe.

Julia. To me the cauſe is equally as ſtrange,
Nor can I gueſs at her ſo ſudden change,

It

It is enough in dangers of this kind
To ſee, expect, and moderate the mind:
But to arrive at joy is ſure too much.

Sabina. See a good Genius brings her to the touch.
Try her in this affair, and home; I know
Shee'l nothing hide from you, ſhe loves you ſo.
I'le leave you! Siſter, pray thee entertain
Julia a while, my ſorrow is my ſhame.
And my poor heart oppreſt with griefs, and fears
Seeks ſolitude to hide my ſighs, and tears.

Scena Secunda.

Camilla. Julia.

Camilla. Am I ſo fit for talk? does ſhe believe
I have not equally a cauſe to grieve?
Or that leſs feeling in calamity,
I in diſcourſe ſhed fewer tears then ſhe?
My fears are great as hers, I muſt, Heav'n knows
As well as ſhe in either party loſe:
My Country by my love muſt be o'rethrown,
Or he muſt die defending of his own;
And in this ſad neceſſity of fate
Challenge my ſorrow, or incur my hate.

Julia. Yet ſhe the ſtricter fortune muſt obey,
Husbands we cannot change, Servants we may.
Wave *Curiace*, and accept *Valerius* love;
That way you will half of your fears remove,
And your revolted heart call'd back to *Rome*,
Shall fear no loſs abroad, but love at home.

Camilla. Deliberate better counſels for your friend,
Lament my fate, but teach me not t' offend;
For though my frailty ill theſe miſchiefs bear,
'Tis better ſuffer, than deſerve them far.

Julia. Have prudent changes, crimes reputed been?

Camilla. Is breach of Faith a pardonable ſin?

Julia. T'a publick Foe what can oblige our troth?
Camilla. Who can abſolve us from a private Oath?
Julia. Come you would hide a thing that is too plain,
I ſaw you late *Valerius* entertain
With that obliging faſhion as might move
His forward hopes to glory in his love.
Camilla. If I receiv'd him with a chearful grace,
There nothing in't to his advantage was,
Another th' object was of that delight,
And learn the truth to ſet your judgment right:
That I to *Curiace* may no longer be
Suſpected of ſo baſe a levity.
His Siſter had not with her beauties charms,
Fully ſix months enrich'd my Brothers arms,
Before he won my Father to proclaim,
My perſon ſhould reward his vertuous flame.
This happy day produc'd unhappy things,
In joyning us, it did divide our Kings.
Hymen, and War were the products of one
Unhappy moments reſolution.
One inſtant rais'd our flatt'ring hopes on high,
And the ſame inſtant beat them from the sky.
As ſoon as promis'd it deſtroy'd our joys,
And ſoon as Lovers, made us Enemies.
In that eſtate how boundleſs, and extream
Our ſorrows were, how he did heav'n blaſpheme,
And what ſad ſhow'rs ſtream'd from my weeping eye,
I need not tell you, you your ſelf were by.
You ſince have ſtill my ſouls afflictions ſeen,
You know what ſtill my prayers for peace have been,
And with what tears on every accident,
I did, or *Rome*, or my dear Love lament.
Tir'd with delays, at laſt extream deſpair
Has forc'd me to the Oracle repair;
And judge by what came yeſterday from thence,
If to my joy I had not juſt pretence.
That Greek long famous for his Oracles,
At *Aventinus* foot who Fates foretells,

He

He whom *Apollo* ne're inſpir'd with lies,
The end of all my woes thus propheſies.

" Alba *and* Rome *to morrow ſhall ſurceaſe*
" *Their jars, thy vows are heard, they ſhall have peace,*
" *And thou be joyn'd to* Curiace *in a tye*
" *Never to be diſſolv'd by Deſtiny.*

This Oracle did my aſſurance breed,
And as the anſwer did my hopes exceed,
I gave my ſoul up to delights, that far
Exceed the happieſt Lovers joys that are.
How I was loſt in rapture you may gueſs,
And by th' effects, meaſure my joys exceſs.
I ſaw *Valerius* and his company
Was not diſtaſteful as it us'd to be;
He courted me without offence, alas!
I ne're conſider'd whoſe the courtſhip was.
I could nor coldneſs ſhow, nor diſeſteem,
For him I ſaw, to me did *Curiace* ſeem:
All that was ſaid to me ſeem'd to proclaim
The truth, and vigour of his loyal flame,
And all I ſaid was purpos'd to aſſure
Curiace my faith was permanent, and pure.
The fatal Battel muſt to day be fought,
I heard it yeſterday, but mark'd it not.
Charm'd with the thoughts of happineſs, and peace,
My ſoul rejected ſuch ſad thoughts as theſe:
But night has baniſh'd hence thoſe falſe delights,
A thouſand fearful dreams of horrid fights,
A thouſand piles of ſlaughter did appear,
That have ſubdu'd my joy, reſtor'd my fear.
I ſaw a ſtream of blood reek from the ſlain,
A phantaſm riſing, diſappear'd again;
Each other did confound, and each illuſion
Doubled my terror by their ſtrange confuſion.

Julia. Dreams contrary expound themſelves you know.

Camilla. I ſhould believe ſo, ſince I wiſh it ſo:

But

But maugre all my vows, I find we are,
T' expect no peace, but a destructive War.

Julia. This Battel will conclude it in a peace.

Camilla. Long live the ill that needs such remedies.
Be it that *Rome* must fall, or *Alba* lose,
Never, dear Love, expect me for thy Spouse:
Never, oh! never! can that claim become
A man that Conqueror is, or Slave of *Rome*?
But what new object does my sight surprize!
Is it my *Curiace*, may I trust my eyes?

Scena Tertia.

Curiace. Camilla. Julia.

Curiace. Suspect them not *Camilla*, he is come,
That nor the Conquerour is, nor Slave of *Rome*;
That e're my hands in Roman blood be stain'd,
Or bruis'd in Slavery, cease to apprehend;
I ever did believe thy generous love
To *Rome*, and glory would so constant prove,
As that thou would'st in piety despise
My shameful chains, and hate my victories.
And as in this extremity I did
Alike captivity, and conquest dread——

Camilla. Enough my *Curiace*, I the rest divine,
I know that thou a Battel dost decline;
Which to thy interest must so fatal be,
And that thy heart wholly resign'd to me,
Fearing to involve me in my Countrys harm,
From *Alba* ravishes thy conqu'ring arm.
Let others here censure thy noble name,
And if they will, thy loyal passion blame;
'Tis that *Camilla* highly must approve,
The more thou lov'st, the more she ought to love.
And if the place that gave thee Being claim
A duty 'gainst the interest of thy flame,

The

The more thou quitſt on my account ſtill proves,
All other intereſts bow unto thy loves:
But haſt thou ſeen my Father, does he bleſs
With fair, and free allowance, this acceſs?
Does he not for the publick cauſe declare,
And to his Daughters, *Romes* concerns prefer?
May we in fine preſume our ſelves ſecure?
Is our long wiſht for happineſs made ſure?
Did he receive thee at a Father's rate,
Or as a foe unto the *Roman* State?

Curiace. It was ſo like a Father to his Son,
As ſpoke his joy ſincere, and not put on:
But when I under his protection came,
'Twas by no Treachery, that might blot my name:
My Countrys int'reſt I by no means quit,
Adoring you, I love my Honour yet:
Throughout this fatal War I ſtill have been,
As a true Lover, a good Citizen.
'Twixt Love, and *Alba*, I compos'd the War,
I ſigh't for you, whilſt I did fight for her:
And if again new miſchiefs muſt enſue,
I'le fight for her, whilſt I do ſigh for you.
For maugre Love, and all thy beauties charms,
Should War continue I muſt be in Arms:
But 'tis through Peace that I thus privileg'd am,
'Tis Peace has thus oblig'd our mutual flame.

Camilla. Peace, 'tis a miracle exceeds belief!
Does Heav'n at laſt commiſerate my grief?

ulia. Suſpend a while your ſorrow, and forbear
To doubt the Oracle that cannot erre;
And let us hear by what admir'd ſucceſs
The hour of Battel has produc'd this Peace.

riace. Who could have hop'd it, Gods! Both Armies met
Prepar'd for Battel with an equal heat;
Their eyes already threatned Death, and they
Impatient only for the ſignal ſtay:
When our Dictator ſingle did advance,
And as a ſign of ſilence wav'd his Lance;

Which ſoon obtain'd: "Romans, quoth he, what rage,
"What fury makes us thus to War engage?
"At laſt let Reaſon calm theſe rude alarms,
"Our vertuous Daughters warm the *Romans* Arms.
"*Hymen* has ſo conjoyn'd us, there are few
"Amongſt our Sons, but are your Nephews too.
"We but one people in two Cities are,
"One race, one blood, why then this Civil War?
"Where conquer'd lives weaken the Conquerers,
"And the beſt triumph is bedew'd with tears.
"The common enemy does expecting ſtay,
"Till one ſides ruine, render both his prey,
"Tyr'd broken Conqueror, who nought enjoys:
"But having ſlain his friends, himſelf deſtroys.
"They of our broils too long have profit made,
"With powers conjoyn'd 'tis time we them invade,
"And dam thoſe jars, where black oblivion lies,
"That of good Souldiers make ſo ill Allies.
"Or if ambition of vain Rule alarm,
"Theſe noble Troops of yours, and ours to arm;
"Yet if a little blood may purchaſe peace,
"That blood ſhall piece us, and the War ſhall ceaſe.
"Let each ſide chooſe ſome Champions out, and tye
"Their Fortunes to thoſe Champions Deſtiny.
"And as in them Fate ſhall diſpoſe the day,
"The Vanquiſht ſhall the Vanquiſher obey:
"But ſo as Souldiers honours may befit,
"To bow as Subjects, not as Slaves ſubmit,
"Without diſgrace, tribute, or other terms,
"Save always to aſſiſt the Conquerours Arms.
"So of two States, we ſhall one Empire make.
This ſaid, each breaſt joys palpitations ſhake,
Now whilſt they face, each can a Brother ſpy,
Kinſman, or Friend rank'd with the Enemy:
They wonder now 'twas not before foreſeen,
How foul their parricides muſt needs have been,
And ſhew at once in one diſtracted brow,
How much the fair propoſal they allow;

And

And how with horror now they diſapprove
All thoughts of Battel, after thoughts of Love.
Th' offer's at laſt receiv'd, and the wiſht Peace
As ſoon was ſworn to, the Conditions theſe.
Three for the whole the Combat muſt aſſay,
Choſen from either ſide, and that they may
With better conduct to the choice proceed,
The Generals are on a ſhort truce agreed.
Yours in the Senate is, ours in his Tent.

Camilla. Bleſt Gods! ye have a timely ſuccour ſent.

Curiace. By joynt decree within two ſhort-liv'd hours
Our Champions Fortune muſt determine ours.
Mean while in freedom we expect the doom,
Rome in our Camp is, and our Camp in *Rome*.
Free entercourſe on both ſides granted is,
Both ſides ſeek friends amongſt their enemies.
I hither have follow'd your Brothers in,
And Fortune to my vows ſo juſt has bin,
That he who gave my fair *Camilla* life
Says ſhe to morrow ſhall be made my Wife,
And you, I hope, will not recede from this.

Camilla. Obedience ſtill a Daughters duty is.

Curiace. Come then my Sweet, and from this mouth receive
That fair conſent he is ſo free to give,
That dear command, which once pronounc'd will bleſs
My love with title to my happineſs.

Camilla. I go along with you to welcome home
My noble Brother's ſafe return to *Rome*;
And once again to hear the happy news,
Confirm'd by them, of this auſpicious truce.

Julia. Go, and the while I'le on the Altars raiſe
In your behalf a Sacrifice of praiſe.

SONG.

(1.)

SO wretched are the ſick of Love,
No Herb has vertue to remove
The growing ill:
But ſtill,
The more we Remedies oppoſe
The Fever more malignant grows.
Doubts do but add unto deſire,
Like Oyl that's thrown upon the fire,
Which ſerves to make the flame aſpire;
And not t' extinguiſh it:
Love has its trembling, and its burning fit.

(2.)

Fruition which the Sick propoſe
To end, and recompence their woes,
But turns them o're
To more.
And curing one, does but prepare
A new, perhaps a greater care.
Enjoyment even in the chaſte,
Pleaſes, not ſatisfies the taſte,
And licens'd Love the worſt can faſt.
Such is the Lovers ſtate,
Pining and pleas'd, alike unfortunate.

(3.)

Sabina *and* Camilla *ſhare*
An equal intereſt in care,
Fear hath each breſt
Poſſeſt.
In different Fortunes, one pure flame
Makes their unhappineſs the ſame.

Love

Love begets fear, fear grief creates,
Paſſion ſtill paſſion animates,
Love will be love in all eſtates:
His power ſtill is one
Whether in hope, or in poſſeſſion.

CHORUS.

TOO weak are humane eyes to pry
Into the ſhades of Deſtiny:
Fate ſpreads a curtain to our ſight,
Through which a faint imperfect light,
Serves only to perplex our way,
As blinking Meteors make us ſtray:
And what the jugling Prieſt foretells,
In his ambiguous Oracles,
Deludes our judgments whilſt he ſhrouds
Vain riddles in myſterious clouds.
Wiſely did providence deny
To humane curioſity,
That only priviledge to look
In Deſtinies eternal Book;
For ſhould we know our periods, then
We ſhould do more or leſs then men.
Ah poor Camilla! *how art thou*
Exalted in thy fortune now!
Whom Fate ſo ſoon will headlong throw
Into a precipice of woe!
Betray'd by Riddles, and Loves charms,
Thou dream'ſt thy ſelf in Curiace *arms,*
Wrapt in chaſt pleaſures, when alas!
Thou only muſt could death embrace.
To vertue ſure 'twas an offence,
So to abuſe thy innocence;
And to raiſe up thy hope ſo high,
Was an inhumane cruelty.
We to our ſelves ev'n in our fears
Are flattering interpreters,

And need no fraud when Death's ſo nigh
To rock us in ſecurity.
What could the angry powers move
In fair Camilla's *vertuous Love?*
Or what hath chaſte Sabina *done*
To draw ſo dire a ruine on?
Vain men miſled by vitious wills,
Commit thoſe Heav'n-offending ills,
Which pull down vengeance from the ſky
To puniſh proud mortality:
But what ye Gods can women do,
Soft women to provoke you ſo?
It is for Rome *that they muſt be*
Involv'd in Alba's *Deſtiny;*
Proud Rome *for prouder Empire tries,*
And laid in blood, by blood muſt riſe;
Alba *muſt truckle, 'tis decreed,*
That Rome *may triumph, ſhe muſt bleed:*
Imperious Fate will bear the ſway,
Whoſe power all earthly powers obey.

The End of the Firſt Act.

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Horace. Curiace.

Curiace. I See your merits ſway the publick voice;
Rome durſt rely upon no other choice:
Unto your Valours this proud Town alone
Dares truſt her cauſe and reputation;
And whilſt ſhe only on your Arms relies,
With one ſole Houſe braves all our Families.
We ſhall believe, ſince you the weight muſt bear,
Save *Horace* Sons, that there no *Romans* are:

This

This choice three Houſes might have rais'd to fame,
Have giv'n each a high and glorious name,
And that Renown which yours alone muſt be,
Had been enough to have eterniz'd three.
Nor can I, ſince by Fortune and my flame
I in your Houſe ſo intereſted am;
But I muſt ſhare, as much as in me lies,
Your Fam'lies glory in this enterprize.
Yet the reſpect I to my Country bear,
Mixes that pleaſure with an honeſt fear.
The War has rais'd your name unto that height,
I fear for *Alba*, and foreſee her fate.
Since you muſt fight, her intereſt muſt bow,
Fate has in chooſing you determin'd ſo.
It is decreed, I ſee you muſt o'recome,
And I conclude my ſelf a ſlave to *Rome*.

Horace. You ſhould *Rome* pity, not for *Alba* fear,
In her ill choice did you conſider her;
In *Rome* it doubtleſs a great blindneſs is,
To have ſuch choice, and chooſe ſo far amiſs.
Of her brave Sons a thouſand worthier be
So brave a quarrel to maintain, than we;
Yet though the Combat promiſe me a Shroud,
That I am choſen makes me juſtly proud;
And the aſſurance of my ſoul is ſuch,
As from my little Valour hopes for much.
Nor can I (be what will th' intent of Fate)
Conclude my ſelf a ſlave to *Alba* yet.
Rome has o'revalu'd my deſert, but I
Will amply juſtifie it all, or dye.
" Who'l dye, or conquer, ſeldom conquer'd is.
That brave deſpair but rarely periſhes;
Rome (fall what will) ſhall never ſubject bow,
Till my laſt groans proclaim my overthrow.

Curiace. Alas! in that my ſtate compaſſion needs,
What *Alba* covets moſt, my friendſhip dreads.
Wretched extreams! *Alba* muſt be enſlav'd,
Or by thy noble perſons ruine ſav'd.

She muſt or fail of her ambitious aim,
Or through thy blood wade to her luſtful claim:
Which ſhall I pray for? what ſucceſs attend?
This combat muſt in my affliction end.
I ſhall on either ſide have tears to ſhed,
And on both ſides my prayers are limited.

Horace. What would you be my enemy ſo far,
To mourn me falling in my Country's War?
That noble death allures a generous heart,
Tears do but injure his ſurviving part,
And I could falling kiſs my Deſtiny,
Should *Rome* receive no greater loſs than me.

Curiace. And yet allow your friends their friendly care
In this brave death they to be pitied are;
The honour's yours, but theirs the loſs, and what
Swells your renown, makes them unfortunate.
We part with all, when a true friend we loſe.
But here comes *Flavian*, ſure he brings me news.
Has *Alba* yet made choice of her three men?

Scena Secunda.

Horace. Curiace. Flavian.

Flavian. I come to tell you.

Curiace. Say, who are they then?

Flavian. They've pitch'd on you, and your two Brothers.

Curiace. Who?

Flavian. On your two Brothers they have pitch'd, and you.
But why that look? why that contracted brow?
Do you alone th' election diſallow?

Curiace. No, but it does ſurprize me, I confeſs,
I think my ſelf unworthy ſuch a grace.

Flavian. Shall the Dictator know you entertain
The quarrel coldly? for I muſt be plain,
This carriage does me ſomething too ſurprize.

Curiace. Tell him, that maugre Love, and all the ties,

Unite

Unite our Families, we three will fight
The three *Horatii* in *Alba's* right.

Flavian. With them! tis much in a few words you ſay.

Curiace. Carry my anſwer back, and leave us pray.

Scena Tertia.

Horace. Curiace.

Curiace. Henceforth I ſee Heav'n, Earth, and Hell contend,
And whet their fury, which ſhould moſt offend;
That Gods, and Men, Devils, and Fate prepare,
At once t' invade us with a general War;
And more t' afflict us in the ſtate we are,
The Fates, and Devils, Gods, and Men, I dare:
Since all of dire in Heav'n, and Hell contain'd,
Weigh'd with this honour is to be diſdain'd.

Horace. Fate that expands the liſts of honour, does
Brave matter to our conſtancy propoſe:
He has combin'd his miſchief to make one,
May with our valour hold proportion,
And as he ſees no common men we are;
So he no common fortune does prepare.
To fight an enemy for the publick good,
And with a ſtranger hazard blood for blood;
The poor effect of a mean vertue is,
Thouſands have don't, and thouſands may do this;
For a man's Country 'tis ſo brave to die,
Who would not court ſo bright a Deſtiny?
But to the publick when we ſacrifice
The thing we moſt do love, we moſt do prize;
To fight with a man's ſecond ſelf, his Friend,
And ſtrive to kill him that would us defend,
A Wifes dear Brother, and a Siſters Love,
All ties, and all relations to remove,
And in our Country's Cauſe t' encounter him,
Whoſe blood we would with our own lives redeem:

This is a vertue none can boaſt, but we,
Few in this glory will our Rivals be:
And few mens hearts, ſo brave a courage own,
As dare pretend to ſuch a high renown.

Curiace. 'Tis true, our names ſhall now immortal grow,
Th' occaſion's fair, and we muſt ſeize it too,
Of a rare vertue we ſhall preſidents be;
Yet there is ſomething of barbarity
Mixt with your noble temper: few there are,
Even of thoſe who moſt can do, and dare,
Would glory in this caſe, or chooſe to buy
At ſuch a price, their immortality.
And whatſoever honour may redound,
'Twere better be obſcure, than ſo renown'd;
For my part I dare ſay, and you might ſee't,
I made no very long debate of it.
Friendſhip, nor Love, nor our Alliance cou'd
Suſpend my honour, nor corrupt my blood.
And ſince our *Alba* by this choice does ſhew,
She values me as high as *Rome* does you;
I think to do as much, and fight as home
In her behalf, as you ſhall do for *Rome*.
My heart is good enough, but yet I feel
I wear humanity about me ſtill.
I ſee your honour in my ruine lies,
And that my glory in your fall muſt riſe:
Ready t' eſpouſe the Siſter, I muſt kill
The Brother; and the blood I mix with, ſpill:
I know that by my Country's int'reſt, I
Am ſentenc'd to this ſad neceſſity:
Thus though this task I fearleſs undertake,
My heart's o'recharg'd, and I with horror ſhake;
I do commiſerate my own diſtreſs,
And envy thoſe the War has laid in peace.
Not that I would decline the thing one jot;
For though it move me, it affrights me not:
I hug the honour I receive: but yet,
I muſt lament, what I muſt loſe by it.

And

And ſince your *Rome* ſo ſtrict in honour is,
As to pretend a vertue beyond this:
Thank Heav'n I am no *Roman*, ſince thereby
I may retain yet ſome humanity.

Horace. Since you no *Roman* are, ſtrive to put on
Reſolves may make you worthy to be one;
And if you'l have your vertue rival mine,
Let it in equal reſolution ſhine.
The conſtancy I boaſt of does permit
None of theſe weakneſſes to mix with it.
And 'twere a ſtain to honour, when we yet
The liſts ſcarce enter, ſhould we now retreat.
Unto its Zenith our misfortunes got
I face it unconcern'd, and tremble not,
Againſt who e're *Rome* ſhall my Arms employ,
I blindly entertain the grace with joy.
The glory that attends, commands like theſe,
Should baniſh in us all reluctancies:
And who beſides his Country in this caſe
Conſiders ought, is womaniſh, and baſe.
Our Country's ſacred right empales at once,
All whatſoever obligations.
Rome has made choice of me; nor is it fit,
When ſhe commands, further t' examine it.
With the ſame joy, I on my wedding night
Claſpt fair *Sabina*, Il'e her Brother fight:
And to be ſhort, ſince ſuch muſt be our lot,
Alba has nam'd you, and I know you not.

Curiace. I know you ſtill, and in that knowledge feel
A ſorrow wounding as your ſharpeſt ſteel;
But never knew before I muſt confeſs,
A vertue ſo ſevere, as you profeſs:
It like our ills, doth in its Zenith ſit,
And I admire, but ſhall not practiſe it.

Horace. Oh! be not good perforce on any ſcore,
But ſince the whining way affects you more,
Enjoy at liberty that bliſs alone:
See where my Siſter comes t' aſſiſt your moan,

I'le in to yours, and fit her mind to this,
To bear her ſelf ſtill like whoſe Wife ſhe is;
To love you ſtill, though by your hand I dye,
And bear her ills with *Roman* conſtancy.

Scena Quarta.

Horace. Curiace. Camilla.

Horace. Have you heard Siſter with the *Alban* Bands
How high your Servants reputation ſtands?
Camilla. Brother, I've heard too much; how ſoon alas!
Has my falſe fortune chang'd her flattering face?
Horace. Arm you with courage, ſuch as may declare
On all events, that you my Siſter are;
And if your *Curiace* through my ruine come,
Triumphant as a Conqueror back to *Rome*:
Receive him not with an averted face,
May ſpeak the memory of my diſgrace:
But as a man whoſe Valour prompts him to
Such things as Tyrant Honour bids him do,
That ſerves his Country nobly, and does prove
By generous acts his title to your love.
Compleat, as if I liv'd, your Nuptial tye;
But if this Sword conclude his Deſtiny,
Receive my Victory at the ſame rate,
Without reproach for your brave Servants Fate.
I ſee y'are ſad, your eyes grow big with tears,
Pray entertain him with your feminine fears.
Now quarrel Heav'n, Earth, and Fate, but when
The Combat's paſt, no more remembrance then.
Speaking to Curiace.
I'le leave you but a moment, then we go,
Like friend with friend, to fight it foe to foe.

Scena Quinta.

Curiace. Camilla.

Camilla. Wilt thou then go my ſoul? has ſuch a ſhower
Wept by *Camilla*, no prevailing power?
Does brutiſh Honour rule thy heart, above
The vertuous intereſt of commanding Love?
Curiace. Alas it is too plain, I ſee that I
Or by my grief, or *Horace* Sword muſt dye:
To this brave work I as unwilling go,
As Malefactors to the Wrack would do:
I curſe my name a thouſand times that has
Procur'd my merit ſuch a fatal grace.
I curſe my ſelf, and fortune, and I hate
My treach'rous valour, ſince alone by that
My perſon's ſo conſiderable made,
And my deſpairing flame does Love invade,
It dares to challenge Heav'n as unjuſt;
And I lament us both, but go I muſt.
Camilla. Oh no! I know thee better, now I ſee
Thou doſt deſire that I ſhould ſue to thee,
That the legitimate power which I claim
May to thy Country juſtifie thy fame.
Thy name's too great already, and thy acts
Have paid long ſince what *Alba* now exacts.
None better has maintain'd this quarrel, none
Has ſacrific'd more lives, than thou haſt done.
Thy name can riſe no higher than it is,
Permit ſome other now t' ennoble his.
Curiace. Shall I anothers brows incircled ſee,
With thoſe immortal Laurels due to me?
Or this reproach from my brave Country hear,
That ſhe had triumph'd, had I fought for her?
And whilſt my valour's charm'd by Love, ſhall I
Blot my brave actions now with infamy?

No! ſince I thus am honour'd, *Alba* ſhall
By this ſole arm's ſucceſs, or riſe, or fall.
I wear her fate, and this accompt I'le give,
To dye with honour, or with honour live.

Camilla. Does honour blind thee ſo, thou wilt not ſee,
How poorly thou betray'ſt my love, and me?

Curiace. My Love in this, neceſſity obeys,
And Sweet, e're I was yours, I *Alba*'s was.

Camilla. But in thy Country's quarrel to deſtroy
A Friend, a Brother, and thy Siſters joy,
Are things methinks, vertue ſhould ſtartle at.

Curiace. Alas! *Camilla* in this ſad eſtate,
We have no will, and in this hateful choice
Of *Rome*, and *Alba*, friendſhip has no voice.
Brother, and Friend, names ſo belov'd before,
Have loſt their harmony, and are no more.

Camilla. Wilt thou not bring me home *Horatio*'s head,
And claim my perſon for the noble deed?

Curiace. I dare not think on't, thus begirt with wo,
Hopeleſs to love, is all that I can do.
But my dear ſoul, you weep!

Camilla. How can I chooſe,
When he I love does that I live refuſe?
And when our *Hymen* does his Taper light,
Thou with thine own hand doſt extinguiſh it.
Thy cruel heart, my ruine does decree,
And ſays it loves, when it doth murther me.

Curiace. In lovers tears, what eloquence doth flow!
And beauty moſt prevails, when dreſt in wo,
At this ſad ſight my heart is tender grown,
I ſtagger in my reſolution.
Aſſault no more my glory with your fears,
But let me ſave my vertue from your tears.
I feel ſhe faints, and ill defends her place,
The more I'm yours, the leſs I'm *Curiace*.
Nor can a vertue ne're ſo firm, and ſtrong,
Having with friendſhip combated ſo long;
And in that fight already weary grown,

Con-

Conquer at once Love, and compaſſion.
Go! hate me! ſhed no more vain tears for me!
Thus to your love, I oppoſe injury:
I better can reſiſt your anger far,
And to deſerve it more, I here declare,
I love you not. Call up your vengeance now,
And ſhoot me dead from your offended brow.
Are you inſenſible to a man ingrate?
Puniſh my baſe Apoſtaſie with hate.
I love you not. Let that provoke your wrath!
Would you yet more? then I renounce my Faith.
Inſolent vertue! to whoſe rigour, I
Am ſacrific'd in this neceſſity,
Canſt thou no more reſiſt her tears, but by
The wretched help of ſuch a vicious lye?

Camilla. Commit no worſe, and by the Gods w' adore,
Inſtead of hating thee, I'le love thee more.
Ingrate I'le hug thee if thy valour's pride
Court not the title of a Fratricide.
Why was I born a *Roman*? why not thou?
Then I with Laurels might adorn thy brow.
I ſhould not then reſtrain, but prompt thee on,
And do for thee, as I've for *Horace* done.
To day alas! my vows I blindly made
Againſt thee ſinning, when for him I pray'd.
See where he comes. Love I am loſt if ſhe
Prevail no more with him, than I with thee!

Scena Sexta.

Horace. Curiace. Sabina. Camilla.

Curiace. Ye Gods! *Sabina* too! is't not enough,
Camilla's here to try my vertues proof;
But you muſt bring along my Siſter too,
To try what both their intereſts can do?
When having conquer'd your vaſt ſpirit, ſhe
Muſt come, and try to do as much for me?

Sabina.

Sabina. No! Brother no! I come not to that end,
I only to embrace, and part, pretend.
Your Blood's too true, fear nothing mean from me,
I bring no tears t'offend your conſtancy.
Nay! ſhould I ſee this dire misfortune ſhake,
Or ſtartle either, I would him forſake.
Yet give me leave to offer one requeſt,
That may become my double intereſt.
I from the Victors Sword will wipe offence,
And reconcile honour to innocence.
Make it unto its native luſtre riſe,
And laſtly make you lawful enemies.
In me alone it is you are ally'd,
When I am dead that knot will be unty'd.
Break then that Bond, that does your Arms oppoſe,
And ſince y'are bound in honour to be foes,
Purchaſe by me a priviledge to hate,
'Tis *Rome* and *Alba*'s will, you muſt obey't.
Take one of you a life that I deſpiſe,
In this ſick breſt commence your cruelties;
And ſince my heart's divided in my wo,
Let your unpitying Steel divide it too.
The other way revenge *Sabina*'s fall,
So ſhall your Combat be approv'd by all;
And one at leaſt a juſt revenge may take,
Or for a Wifes, or for a Siſters ſake.
But 'twould perhaps eclipſe your Glories light
In a leſs Quarrel, ſhould ſuch Heroes fight.
'T muſt be your Country's Cauſe, and if you were
Leſs to your ſelves, leſs would your acts appear.
You muſt be Victims to your Country's luſt;
Proceed then to a ſacrifice ſo juſt:
Strike through the Siſter at the Brother's life,
And wounp the Husband, whilſt you kill the Wife.
Begin ye Tigers, in this life of mine,
The Sacrifice you in your own deſign.
You in this famous combat muſt become,
A foe to *Alba*, you a foe to *Rome*:

But

But I oblig'd by Birth, and by my flame,
Unto them both an adverſary am.
And muſt I be reſerv'd, only to ſee,
The triumph of a hateful Victory?
A triumph where the Blood I prize ſo dear,
Muſt trim the Laurels of the Triumpher?
Can I betwixt you then govern my heart,
And play at once a Wifes and Siſters part?
And whilſt my ſoul the Conqueſt does abhor,
With open arms imbrace the Conqueror?
No, e're that happen, Death ſhall cloſe theſe eyes
From triumphs mixt with my Friends Obſequies.
My ruine ſhall prevent it, and what you
Withdraw your hands from, my own hands ſhall do.
Go on then Monſters! who your rage withſtands?
I ſhall find means enough to force your hands,
Which ſhall no ſooner be prepar'd to kill,
But with this breſt I'le intercept your Steel:
And though you now deny me, force your blows,
To ſend my ſoul unto its wiſht repoſe.

Horace. Dear Wife!

Curiace. Dear Siſter!

Camilla. Courage you prevail.

Sabina. Your boſoms groan forth ſighs, your cheeks grow pale.
What frights you thus? are theſe the men on whom,
The ſtakes are laid of *Alba*, and of *Rome*?

Horace. Wherein *Sabina* have I done amiſs,
That can deſerve ſuch a revenge as this?
How has my Honour injur'd thee, that thou
With all thy power aſſault'ſt my vertue ſo?
To have aſtoniſh'd me let it ſuffice,
And let me finiſh this brave enterprize.
Thy love has rais'd a conflict in my breſt;
But Wife inſult not in the pow'r thou haſt.
Go, ſtrive no more for conqueſt, 'tis to me,
T'have ſuffer'd this debate, an infamy.
Permit me, that I may with honour dye.

Sabina. You need not fear, your ſuccours are ſo nigh.

Scena Septima.

Horace the Father. Horace. Curiace. Sabina. Camilla.

Horace the Father. Is this a time in Love parleys to ſpend,
When *Rome* and *Alba* do your Arms attend!
When Blood ſhould weep, do you converſe with tears!
Go! leave theſe Women to their womens fears.
Their griefs (my Sons) too ſubtil are for you,
And by contagion will your hearts ſubdue;
Nor can you but by flight evade their powers.
Sabina. Doubt them not (Sir) they'r worthy to be yours,
And ſlighting all our prayers, reſolv'd prepare
For acts becoming him whoſe Sons they are:
But if our tears have ſoft'ned them, we do
Thus give you ſcope to fortifie them new.
Come Siſter, let us go, we weep in vain,
Tears are too weak to tonquer bruitiſh man.
To our ſole refuge, black deſpair, we fly,
Go Tygers then, and fight, whilſt we go die.

Scena Octava.

Horace the Father. Horace. Curiace.

Horace. Confine (Sir) I beſeech you to the Houſe
Theſe fooliſh Women, that they break not looſe;
For if they ſhould, their over-fondneſs might,
With cries, and tears perhaps diſturb our fight,
And make the cens'ring world believe that we
Our ſelves were of the vile conſpiracy.
This honour we ſhould purchaſe then too dear,
If once ſuſpected of ſo baſe a fear.
Horace the Father. Leave that to me, and go, your Brothers ſtay,
And now your duty to your Countries pay.

Curiace.

Curiace. How ſhould I part, or in what method take——
Horace the Father. Ah! do not tempt my grief, for vertues ſake;
My voice wants terms t'enflame your noble breſt,
And with perplexed thoughts my heart's oppreſt.
My tears ſwell up, to force their tender gates,
Do your devoire, and leave th' event to fates.

SONG.

(1.)

TO Arms! to Arms! the Heroes cry,
A glorious Death, or Victory.
Beauty and Love, although combin'd,
And each ſo powerful alone,
Cannot prevail againſt a mind
Bound up in reſolution.
Tears their weak influence vainly prove,
Nothing the daring breaſt can move
Honour is blind, and deaf, ev'n deaf to love.

(2.)

The Field! the Field! where Valour bleeds,
Spurn'd into duſt by barbed ſteeds,
Inſtead of wanton Beds of Down
Is now the Scene where they muſt try,
To overthrow, or be o'rethrown;
Bravely to overcome, or dye.
Honour in her intereſt ſits above
What Beauty, Prayers, or tears can move:
Were there no Honour, there would be no Love.

CHORUS.

HOw prone are people tir'd with Peace,
To nauſeate their happineſs?
And headlong into miſchief run,
To feed their foul ambition!

Leasure and Luxury, when met
In populous Cities, do beget
That Monster War, which at the first,
In little private discords nurst,
Grows higher by degrees, until
Having got power to his will,
He brake into a general flame,
Beyond what Politie can tame.
No int'rest then escapeth feer
From insolence, and cruelty;
And facts that flow from brutish lust,
The titles wear of great and just.
Nay when Wars ensigns are display'd,
It is Religion to invade,
No matter whom, nor what the cause;
Nor is there room for other Laws,
Than what the Victor will on those
His riots have subdu'd, impose.
Yet there have still pretences been
The vilest practices to skreen.
There never wanted a pretence
To violate suff'ring innocence;
Though whatsoever men pretend,
Wealth, and Dominion are their end.
Imperious Rome! *must* Alba *feel*
The edge of thy invading Steel?
Alba *thy Mother, from whose womb,*
Thy Founder Romulus *did come?*
Or if thou tak'st an impious pride
To be esteem'd a Parricide,
Can nothing satiate thy will,
Unless that Brothers, Brothers kill?
Deluded Heroes! how they fly
To meet a cruel Destiny,
And sacrifice themselves to Fame,
A nothing, a meer airy name,
When in th' unnatural contests
Who conquer'd falls is happiest!

'Tis

'Tis Tyrant Honour unto thee
We owe this bloody Tragedy,
Whom, but the vertuous none obey,
And being ſo, become thy prey.
They ſee in thy deluding glaſs
Trophies and Triumphs, when, alas!
'Tis their own blood they haſte to ſhed,
And live, but to lament the Dead.
Deaf unto Piety, and Love,
The Combatants are gone to prove
Themſelves true Patriots, when they are
The inſtruments of Civil War,
And hazard in a Combat more,
Than in a Battel heretofore.
Fate holds the balance whilſt they fight,
And finds both ſcales of equal weight;
Valour with Valour even weighs
Honour with Honour, Praiſe with Praiſe;
But when ſhe lays upon the beam
Her partial hand, and varies them,
Then one ſcale gets it, whilſt on high,
The other kicks and knocks the Sky.

The end of the Second Act.

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Sabina. LEt us at laſt, my troubled Soul, appeaſe
These inward mutinies, diſturb our peace,
And ſtand no longer neuter in this War,
But, or for *Alba*, or for *Rome* declare.
Let us no more divide our fruitleſs care,
But nouriſh hope, to overcome deſpair.
Yet to which ſide, alas! ſhould we adhere,
Where both the intereſts, equally are dear!

Alas! which party cleave to, which refuſe;
Or 'twixt a Brother, and a Husband chooſe?
Nature, or Love, for either ſide do plead,
And I by duty unto both am led.
Then let us rather in this fatal ſtrife,
Continue ſtill a Siſter, and a Wife.
Let us their honours above all prefer,
Their vertues imitate, and ceaſe to fear.
The death that threatens is ſo brave an end,
We fearleſs ſhould the ſad report attend.
Let us no more the Fates inhumane call;
Think in what cauſe, not by whoſe hands they fall:
Let us careſs them who have bravely fought,
Nor wrong their Valours merit with a thought,
Save of the glory, and eternal grace,
Their Arms atchieve unto their noble race;
Nor once conſider at whoſe bloods expence
Vertue has rais'd them to that eminence.
Let our concerns, and int'reſt be the ſame
Their Houſes intereſts are, in which I am
A Daughter, or a Wife; ſo near ally'd
To both their noble bloods, that neither ſide
Can of the other any triumph win,
But by their Swords atchievements, who are mine.
Fortune whatever ills thou doſt diſpence,
I've found a way t' extract ſome joy from thence:
I now can view fearleſs, and undiſmay'd,
This Tragedy in all its terrors plaid:
I can behold the dead without deſpair,
And without horror ſee the Vanquiſher.
Oh flattering illuſion! falſe delight!
Thou pleaſing error, and impuiſſant light!
Which with a counterfeited Ray haſt ſhown
How ſhort thy ſtay was, and how ſoon th'art gone!
Like Lightnings in obſcurity, that make
By their retiring flames, the night more black;
Mine eyes thou ſtrook'ſt not with a ſhort-liv'd beam,
But with more darkneſs to envelop them.

By

By thee my griefs too ſoon enchanted were,
And for that moments truce I pay too dear.
I feel my heart pierc'd thorow with the ſteel,
Juſt now employ'd my deareſt friends to kill.
Contemplating their deaths, I not at all
Think in what quarrel, but by whom they fall;
Nor ſee the Victor rais'd to eminence,
But I conſider at whoſe bloods expence.
I find my int'reſt only is the ſame,
With the afflicted houſe in which I am
A Daughter, or a Wife, ſo near ally'd
To both their noble bloods, that neither ſide
Can from the other any triumph win,
But by their deaths, and ruine who are mine.
Is this the peace then I have pray'd for ſo?
Ye too propitious Gods, y'ave heard my vow!
What thunders do you, when provok'd, prepare,
If ſuch dire cruelties your favours are?
And in what ſort do you correct offence,
When you delight to puniſh innocence?

Scena Secunda.

Sabina. Julia.

Sabina. Is it diſpatcht my *Julia*, tell me plain:
Have I a Brother, or a Husband ſlain?
Or have their impious weapons made at once
A Sacrifice of all the Champions;
And to prevent my hate to th' Vanquiſhers,
T' a general obſequy condemn'd my tears?
Julia. Can you ſo long be ign'rant of the news?
Sabina. Is that your wonder? pray how ſhould I chooſe?
Do you not know, that ſhut up here within,
Camilla and my ſelf have pris'ners been?
We are ſecur'd, our tears are dang'rous grown,
We elſe e're this betwixt their Swords had flown,

And

And our deſpair, ſprung from chaſt love, had won
Perhaps from both the Camps, compaſſion.

Julia. An object of that pity did not need,
Betwixt their noble courages to plead,
Since their appearance was enough alone,
To ſtay their furies execution.
No ſooner were their plumed creſts beheld,
Waving with warlike brav'ry in the Field,
But through both Armies ſtrait a murmur roſe,
To ſee friends ſo ally'd, choſe out for foes.
This horror ſeizes, that ſoft pity fires,
A third the fury of their zeal admires;
This high applauds their vertue to the sky,
And that condemns it for barbarity.
Their various thoughts, met in one gen'ral voice,
All blame their Chieftains, and deteſt their choice:
And not enduring to behold the ſight
Of that unnatural, and bloody fight,
Exclaiming loud, ſome do advance in haſte,
And interpoſing part them at the laſt.

Sabina. I owe you incenſe Gods! y'ave heard my prayer!

Julia. You are not yet where you ſuppoſe you are.
You now may hope, and moderate your fears;
Yet there is ſtill to juſtifie your tears.
In vain men ſtrive t'avert them from their fate,
Their generoſity is deaf to that.
The glory of this choice, their Reaſon blinds,
And has ſo dazled their ambitious minds,
That when men leave them to their deſp'rate ways,
They're pleas'd, and take all pity for diſgrace.
The Camps affliction foils their glories light;
Nay they had rather with both Armies fight,
And periſh by thoſe hands their fury ſtaid,
Than quit their int'reſts in th' election made.

Sabina. Perſiſt they then ſo obſtinate?

Julia. They do,
At which both Armies to ſedition grow,
And vote from both ſides, with a gen'ral voice,

Either

Either for Battel, or another choice.
Their Leaders preſence can no more perſwade,
Authority's contemn'd, or diſobey'd.
Nay, their ungovern'd heat went on ſo far,
Nought could reduce them, nor command, nor pray'r.
Until the King (held ſometime in ſuſpence
At ſo undiſciplin'd an inſolence)
Was fain himſelf at laſt his pow'r to try,
And thus attempt t' appeaſe the mutiny.
"Since Souldiers thus (ſaid he) you animate
"Your ſelves and fellows in this hot debate,
"Let us conſult the ſacred pow'rs and try,
"If with another choice the Gods comply;
"What impious mortal, when they once reveal
"Their dark decrees, dares then diſpute their will?
This ſaid, his words ſeem'd to be powerful charms,
And even from the Champions forc'd their Arms;
That thirſt of glory which ſo dimm'd their eyes,
Blind, as it was, ador'd the Deities.
Their heat ſubmitted unto *Tullius* ſence,
And aw'd by Piety or deference,
A Law of his advice both Armies made,
As both their Scepters he alike had ſway'd:
The reſt will from the Victims deaths be known.

Sabina. The Gods an impious Combat will not own.
Since 'tis deferr'd my dying hopes revive,
And I begin to ſee my wiſhes thrive.

Scena Tertia.

Sabina. Camilla. Julia.

Sabina. Siſter, I have good news!
Camilla. I think I know
What that good news is, if you call it ſo;
I heard it told my Father, but I find
No comfort in't to my afflicted mind:

This but prorogues our miſeries which ſhall
Return more violent by this interval;
And all the rays of comfort it doth ſhed,
Is only that our tears are reſpited.

Sabina. The Gods did not in vain this tumult fire.

Camilla. We rather do in vain of them enquire.
They have inſtructed *Tullius* in this choice,
And theirs but ſeldom meet the publick voice:
For you muſt know that the immortal Gods
Deſcend more rarely to the mean abodes
Of common ſouls, than unto Princes far,
Who here below their own Vice-gerents are,
And whoſe unlimited pow'r's a ſecret beam
Of the Divinity's annext to them.

Julia. To argue thus is wilfully to rear
Againſt your ſelf the obſtacles you fear.
We only know Heav'ns will, when mov'd by pray'r,
In ſacred Oracles the Gods declare;
Neither can you deſpair: but firſt you muſt,
The truth of what you late had thence diſtruſt.

Camilla. All Oracles do in myſterious ſence
Still ſhrowd themſelves from our intelligence,
And when we think we underſtand them moſt,
The moſt we grope, and are in error loſt;
Far then from building our aſſurances
On their illegible, and dark decrees.
When leaſt they ſeem perplext, then to be ſure,
We ſhould ſuſpect them to be moſt obſcure.

Sabina. By what's already done, we ought to give
Our griefs, and fears, ſome reſpite, and reprieve,
T' allay our ſorrows, and to give ſome ſcope,
Some entertainment to a pleaſing hope;
When Heav'ns favour does her Arms diſcloſe
Half open, ready to embrace our woes;
Who then the happy Auſpice does not own,
And does expect no bleſſing, merits none:
That recontracts them, and ſhe takes offence,
To ſee her bounties checkt by diffidence.

Camill.

Camilla. Heav'n acts alone in all his deep deſigns;
Nor fits events to flatter humane minds.
Julia. Heav'n has alarm'd your boſom thus, to fit
You better for the joys muſt follow it.
Farewel! I'le go enquire of your affairs;
In the mean time pray moderate your cares:
I hope theſe ſad reflexions will all prove,
At my return ſoft arguments of love;
And that we yet ſhall dedicate this night
Sacred to *Hymen*, and to chaſte delight.
Sabina. I hope ſo too.
Camilla. I dare not.
Julia. The ſucceſs
Will ſoon diſcover who the beſt can gueſs.

Scena Quarta.

Sabina. Camilla.

Sabina. Siſter, amidſt theſe cares, permit my love
To chide thoſe griefs I needs muſt diſapprove.
What would you do if in my ſtate you were,
Had you as much as I t' excuſe your fear,
And did expect from their too fatal Arms
Loſſes to equal mine, and equal harms?
Camilla. Oh Siſter! ſpeak with judgment, not deſign,
When you would parallel your ills to mine:
All people look with a far diff'rent eye
On others harms, and thoſe concern them nigh:
But mine conſider'd right, yours are a dream,
A meer illuſion, when compar'd with them.
You only have *Horatio*'s death to fear,
Brothers, compar'd to Husbands, nothing are.
When ſaffron'd *Hymen* by the Nuptial tye
Unites us to another Family,
He diſengages us from ev'ry claim
That once pretended to, from whence we came.

Thoſe diffrent ties no parallel admit,
To follow Husbands, we our Parents quit:
But when juſt going to be made a Spouſe,
The Servant that a Father's care beſtows,
Although below a Husband in his claim,
Stands yet a Rival with a Brother's name.
Thoſe intereſts our thoughts betwixt them ſhare,
Our choice, and vows perplext, and doubtful are.
Thus Siſter, you at leaſt have in your tears
Or what to wiſh, or what may eaſe your fears.
Whilſt I, if Heav'ns hand do not forbear,
Have nothing left to hope, but all to fear.

Sabina. Siſter methinks you argu't very ill
When Friends ſo near muſt one another kill;
And we, though th' obligations diff'rent ſeem,
Our Parents leave, without forgetting them.
Hymen does not thoſe Characters remove;
Nor does it follow that becauſe we love
Our Husbands beſt, we ſhould our Brothers hate.
Nature ſtill keeps her Laws inviolate.
When we of force muſt one or th'other loſe,
At either's life's expence, 'tis hard to chooſe;
Nor know we then which intereſt is ſupream:
" All ills are equal, when they are extream.
And when all's done, this man you ſo eſteem
Will only prove, as you ſhall value him.
The leaſt diſtaſte, or jealouſie may prove
Pow'rful enough to baniſh him your love.
Do that by Reaſon, may by Chance be done,
And leave your blood out of compariſon.
'Tis ill to raiſe up int'reſts againſt thoſe,
Our births do of neceſſity impoſe.
I then if Heav'ns hand do not forbear,
Have nothing left to hope, but all to fear:
Whilſt you have this advantage in your tears;
Or what to wiſh, or what to eaſe your fears.

Camilla. Siſter I ſee Love never pierc'd your heart,
You know him not, nor ever felt his dart:

We

We may reſiſt him in his infant ſtate,
But when he rules, and ſways, 'tis then too late;
And chiefly when Fathers allowances
Have ſo oblig'd our Faith by their decrees,
Till they have made this little Tyrant reign
Over our hearts a lawful Sovereign.
Love mildly enters: but by pow'r he ſways,
And when a ſoul his bait once ſwallow'd has,
In vain it then attempts to give it o're,
It has no more the will it had before.
His chains are ſtrong, as bright, and delicate.

Scena Quinta.

Horace the Father. Sabina. Camilla.

Horace the Father. Daughters I muſt unwelcome news relate;
But 'twere a vain endeavour to conceal,
What will it ſelf, alas! ſo ſoon reveal.
Your Brothers are engag'd by Heav'ns decree.
Sabina. I muſt confeſs theſe news aſtoniſh me,
And I expected from the heav'nly Race,
Far leſs injuſtice, and far greater grace:
But ſpeak no comforts; nor in vain declare
How noble ſouls ſhould their diſaſters bear.
Reaſon it ſelf inſufferable grows,
When ſuch afflictions it attempts t'oppoſe.
In our own hands, our miſchiefs cure we have,
And who reſolve to dye, miſchance may brave.
We could perhaps pretend whilſt you are by,
A fruitleſs, falſe, and ſeeming conſtancy:
But ſo to counterfeit, and in a time
Wherein our frailties licens'd were a crime;
We leave that artifice to men; nor care
To paſs for other than indeed we are;
Nor would we have your noble heart abate
By our example to complain of Fate.

No! take theſe ills without emotion;
See our tears trickle, but refrain your own.
All that we beg in this diſtreſs, is that
Whilſt your brave ſpirit triumph over fate,
We whoſe weak hearts no griefs conceal'd can keep,
May be allow'd, without offence to weep.

Horace the Father. I am ſo far from blaming what you do,
That I admire I turn not woman too;
Nor ſhould perhaps theſe blows of Fortune bear,
Were I concern'd ſo nearly, as you are.
Not that this choice can have the pow'r to make
Me hate your Brothers for their Countries ſake:
Whoſe noble perſons maugre this ſad War,
Are all of them unto my boſom dear:
But friendſhip is not ſeated in that row,
Nor feels th' effects Love and Relation do.
I feel not for them in my breaſt thoſe woes,
You as a Siſter, ſhe a Lover does.
I can look on them as the foes of *Rome*,
And wiſh, and pray my Sons may overcome.
They (prais'd be Heav'n) worthy their Country are,
Aſtoniſhment did not their worths impair,
And I their honours ſaw redoubled riſe,
Whilſt they two Camps compaſſion could deſpiſe:
Which if it had their frailty overcome,
And had their vertue not repell'd it home,
This hand ſhould quickly have reveng'd the ſhame
Done by their weak conſent unto my name:
But ſince the Camps deſpight of them would chooſe
Anew, and them in piety refuſe;
I now confeſs that to the heav'nly powers,
My vows, and pray'rs went along with yours.
And would all-pitying Heav'n have heard my voice,
Alba had been reduc'd t' another choice.
My Sons we then ſhould have triumphant ſeen,
And they from blood ſo dear unſtain'd had been.
Then had the *Roman* names illuſtrious height
Lean'd on th' event of a more humane fight:

But

But ſince Heav'ns prudence otherwiſe does pleaſe
To order things, I vail to its Decrees.
My thoughts in generoſity I dreſs,
And in the publick ſtate my happineſs.
Try you to do as much, t'allay your care,
And wiſely weigh that you both *Romans* are.
You are become ſo, and you yet are one,
A treaſure above all compariſon.
A day will come, that through the Globe our *Rome*,
Dreadful as killing thunder, ſhall become.
When the world daring at our Eagles Wings,
That glorious name ſhall be the pride of Kings.

Scena Sexta.

Horace the Father. Sabina. Camilla. Julia.

Horace the Father. Doſt thou come to us *Julia* to declare
Whoſe noble brows the Victor's Laurels wear?
Julia. Rather the Combats ſad effects, for *Rome*
Is *Alba*'s Captive, and your Sons o'recome.
Two ſlain out-right, her Lord ſurvives alone.
Horace the Father. Of a ſad fight a ſad concluſion!
Rome, *Alba*'s ſubject, and in ſuch a need
My Son not fight, whilſt he had blood to bleed!
It cannot be! you are deceiv'd, 'tis plain,
Rome is unconquer'd, or my Son is ſlain;
I better do my bloods true temper know,
And he ſo well, what he to *Rome* does owe,
He could not, durſt not, but o'recome, or dye.
Julia. A thouſand more might ſee't, as well as I.
He acted wonders till his Brother's fall;
But when once left to fight againſt them all,
And half hemm'd in, flight did his perſon ſave.
Horace the Father. And th' injur'd Souldiers not diſpatch (ſi.
Would they afford the Coward a retreat?
Julia. I came away upon the ſad defeat.

Camilla.

Camilla. Oh! my dear Brothers!
Horace the Father. Stay! lament not all!
Two are ſo fall'n, I emulate their fall.
Let nobleſt Flowers on their Tombs be laid,
I in their glorious death their loſs am paid;
And 'twas their vertues fortune not to be,
Survivors of their Countries Liberty;
Nor ſee it by a ſtranger Prince be ſway'd;
Nor to a neighb'ring State, a Province made.
Lament the baſe ſurvivor, and the ſhame
His coward flight has branded on my name.
Lament the infamy of all our Race,
And the *Horatian* glory's black diſgrace.
Julia. What ſhould he againſt three have done?
Horace the Father. Have dy'd,
Or by a brave deſpair been fortifi'd.
Or had he but demurr'd to his defeat,
Rome had been ſubject ſomething later yet:
He then had left theſe aged hoary hairs
As bright with honour, as they're white with years;
And he, though he had dy'd, had carried hence,
For a frail life, a noble recompence.
He now accomptable to *Rome* remains,
For all the coward blood that ſwells his veins.
And every drop preſerv'd by ſuch a ſhame,
Has quench'd his glory, and eclips'd his fame.
Each hour on's life, after an act ſo baſe,
His ſhame, and mine, ſtill more and more betrays.
I le cut it ſhort, and whilſt my rage puts on
A Father's pow'r o're an unworthy Son;
I in his puniſhment will make it known,
How much the poultron's baſeneſs I diſown.
Sabina. Be govern'd leſs, Sir, by that generous heat,
And do not raiſe our miſchiefs higher yet.
Horace the Father. *Sabina* you may beſt theſe miſchiefs bear,
You in theſe ills have yet the eaſieſt ſhare,
You in this ruine yet do nothing loſe;
Heav'n has preſerv'd your Brothers, and your Spouſe.

'Tis

'Tis to your Country we are Subjects made,
Your Brothers Victors are, whilſt *Rome*'s betray'd,
And dazled by the luſtre of their fame,
You ne're conſider our eternal ſhame:
But your affection to this beaſt will make
Your boſom ſoon, our miſeries partake.
Theſe tears you ſhed weak interceſſors are;
For by the Pow'rs above I here do ſwear
Theſe hands ſhall waſh e're day do quit the sky,
In his falſe blood, the *Roman* infamy.

Sabina. His rage tranſports him, let us interpoſe.
Muſt we (juſt Heav'n) ſtill meet ſucceeding woes?
Our ills are grown too mighty to withſtand,
When fury threatens from a Parents hand.

SONG.

(1.)

Beauty that it ſelf can kill,
Through the fineſt temper'd ſteel,
Can thoſe wounds ſhe makes endure,
And inſult it o're the brave,
Since ſhe knows a certain cure,
When ſhe is diſpos'd to ſave:
But when a Lover bleeding lies,
Wounded by other Arms,
And that ſhe ſees thoſe harms,
For which ſhe knows no remedies;
Then Beauty Sorrows livery wears,
And whilſt ſhe melts away in tears,
Drooping in ſorrow ſhews
Like Roſes overcharg'd with morning dews.

(2.)

Nor do women, though they wear
The moſt tender character,

Suffer in this caſe alone:
Hearts enclos'd with iron Walls,
In humanity muſt groan
When a noble Hero falls.
Pitileſs courage would not be
An honour, but a ſhame;
Nor bear the noble name
Of valour, but barbarity;
The generous even in ſucceſs
Lament their enemies diſtreſs:
And ſcorn it ſhould appear
Who are the Conquer'd, with the Conqueror.

CHORUS.

Theſe are th' effects of War, and theſe
The Sacrifices are to peace;
Peace, that once broken in her right
Nothing but blood can reunite:
Wars Hand-maid Fury prompts her on,
To blood and devaſtation;
Nor ceaſes till whole Countries lye,
O'rewhelm'd in one calamity,
Or though the Sacrifice for all,
Should in one ſingle perſon fall;
Yet in whatever falls amiſs,
The publick ſtill a loſer is.
And as a radiant Gem out-vies
Maſſes of Metal in her prize:
One Heroes loſs, more loſs includes,
Then vile Plebeian multitudes.
A bloody Combat here we ſee
Fought for an empty ſovereignty,
When they lie weltring on the ſand,
Who were the fitteſt to command.
Thus man himſelf ſtill undermines,
And blind deſtroys his own deſigns,

For

For the victorious here may boaſt
An Empire when the Ruler's loſt.
Who now with better title may,
Rome's *Battels, or her Scepter ſway,*
Then they who her brave Champions were?
Princes then truly Princes are,
When with a Parents love they ſtake
Their perſons for their peoples ſake.
Oh Rome! *Oh* Alba! *what deſire*
Firſt ſet your noble breaſts on fire!
Or what offence engag'd your ſteel,
The blood of your Allies to ſpill!
'Tis vitious Envy that has made
You thus each others bounds invade;
Envy the ſouls moſt foul diſeaſe,
That pines at others happineſs,
Has made you thus each other hate,
Becauſe you both were fortunate.
Thus humane glories do procure
The dangers which they ſhould ſecure;
Bare reputation will ſuffice
To make a thouſand Enemies;
And vertue the more bright ſhe ſhines,
Serves but to light mens dark deſigns,
To give their malice aim, and guide
The poyſon'd dart into her ſide;
'Tis emulation animates
The fury, and the ſpleen of States;
And till that emulation ceaſe
The world will never be at peace.
The Combat now is overblown,
But the event not truly known.
The Scene will ſoon unto your eye
Open the Tragick Hiſtory.
Then they who may the Conqueſt boaſt,
When they conſider what it coſt,
Shall find the triumph they have got,
So empty and ſo dearly bought,

That though ſucceſs have ſerv'd their will,
Their woes have made them equal ſtill.

The end of the Third Act.

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Horace the Father. Camilla.

Horace the Father. URge me no more *Camilla*, do not try
Your int'reſt, for this Son of Infamy;
Let him avoid my ſight if he be wiſe,
As baſely he outran his enemies
To ſave the coward blood he prizes ſo:
He is not ſafe unleſs he fly me too.
Sabina may conceal him, or (by *Jove*)
The Sov'reign power of the Gods above.——
Camilla. Ah (gentle Sir) do not reſent it ſo,
Rome you ſhall ſee, will with a ſmoother brow
Look on his noble merit, and at leaſt
Excuſe his vertue by ſuch odds oppreſt.
Horace the Father. No matter daughter what *Romes* cenſures are,
A Father's int'reſt is particular.
I know the ways true vertue does profeſs;
" Numbers do ſtill inglorioufly oppreſs.
Her maſculine vigour ſtill maintains its heat,
And under odds may periſh, not retreat.
But ſilence, what does young *Valerius* bring?

Scena Secunda.

Horace the Father. Valerius. Camilla.

Valerius. Sir I am hither order'd by the King

To

To comfort, and assure you ——
Horace the Father. Take no care,
It is an office that you both may spare;
And I had rather see those Sons lie slain
In Honours lap, then that survives with shame.
Two Sons are nobly fall'n with my applause,
Like men of honour in their Countries Cause;
And that will serve to make my shame the less.
Valerius. But, Sir, the third is such a happiness,
As all their shares may in your bosom claim.
Horace the Father. If with himself he had put out my name.
Valerius. You only frown upon his merit.
Horace the Father. True,
From me alone his punishment is due.
Valerius. What in his manly conduct can you blame?
Horace the Father. Is it by flight that Souldiers purchase fame?
Valerius. But his retreat was glorious in this case.
Horace the Father. You double my confusion, and disgrace.
Sure 'tis a new example, that in fight,
Men seek out glory by the way of flight.
Valerius. Where lies your wonder, or where lies your shame?
To have begot a Son improves his name?
One that for *Rome* has Crowns and Triumphs won!
What can a Father wish for in a Son? (applause,
Horace the Father. What Scepters, or what Triumphs, what
Whilst *Rome* now truckles under *Alba*'s Laws?
Valerius. What makes you harp so upon *Rome*'s defeat,
Can you of what is past, be ign'rant yet?
Horace the Father. Was not the Combat ended in his flight?
Valerius. *Alba* a while imagin'd so, but streight
She better knew what 'twas for him to fly,
Who wore upon his Sword *Rome*'s Destiny.
Horace the Father. Is *Rome* triumphant then?
Valerius. Learn Sir to know
The Valour of that Son y'ave blemisht so:
Left single to dispute it with the three,
And those all wounded, he untoucht, and free;
Too weak for all; too strong for any one,

He wiſely their united force to ſhun,
Pretended flight to fight on better terms,
And by that ſtratagem divides their Arms.
They all purſue, but with ſuch diff'rent ſpeed,
As weak, and wounded, more or leſs they bleed:
When *Horace* ſeeing his deſign had took,
Faces about, and with Heroick look,
Grown now ſecure of Conqueſt, bravely ſtays
Him that was foremoſt in the eager chace:
Which prov'd your Son-in-law, who vext to ſee,
He durſt alone diſpute it with the three;
Vainly diſcover'd in his falling on,
A noble courage, when his ſtrength was gone.
Then *Alba* fearing her brave Champions fall,
Did to the ſecond for aſſiſtance call;
Who weak attempts his haſte to animate,
And being come, finds he is come too late:
His Brother had e're his arrival paid
His lifes dear tribute to the Conqueror's blade.

Camilla. Alas!

Valerius. Yet panting, bravely he ſupplies
His room, and doubles your Son's Victories;
His courage without vigour to maintain
The daring enterprize, prov'd weak, and vain;
And to revenge his Brother whilſt he tries,
Down by his ſide he conquer'd falls, and dies.
The rowling Orbs ring with a various cry,
Alba for ſorrow groans, *Rome* ſhouts for joy:
When our brave *Hero* ready to compleat
His triple Conqueſt, thought it was not yet
Enough to conquer, but he would engage,
And further whet his bold oppoſers rage.
I here (ſaid he) have immolated theſe
My Brothers angry Manes to appeaſe;
And my third adverſary (*Rome*) ſhall be
A Sacrifice to thy concerns, and thee.
Which ſaid, he flew at his ſurviving foe;
Nor was the conqueſt diſputable now:

The

The *Alban* goar'd with wounds, with mortal pain,
Could moving hardly his own weight ſuſtain:
But as mild Victims to the Altar go,
And yield their necks unto the mortal blow:
So he defenceleſs bow'd unto his fate,
And in his fall ſecur'd the *Roman* State.

Horace the Father. Oh my brave Son, my Joy, Honor's bright ray,
Of a declining State the only ſtay!
Oh noble vertue that thy blood doſt grace!
Prop of thy Country! Glory of thy Race!
When ſhall I in thy gen'rous breaſt pour forth
Excuſes for thoſe thoughts that wrong'd thy worth?
When ſhall my love, which now too tender grows,
In tears of joy bathe thy victorious brows?

Valerius. You may do that, Sir, in a little ſpace,
The King will ſend him ſtraight to your embrace;
Who till the morn the Sacrifice defers,
Due to thoſe Pow'rs have made us Conquerors.
To day we only do our thanks expreſs
In *Io Pæans* for the great ſucceſs.
The King now gracing your Son's Triumph, has
In the mean time afforded me the grace,
To be the man he pleaſes to employ,
At once to bring you news of grief, and joy:
Nor does he think this complement enough,
Unleſs to give your worth a further proof
How he does prize it, he in perſon come,
With his own mouth to pay the thanks of *Rome*.

Horace the Father. Such thanks for me far too illuſtrious are,
And I conceive my ſelf already far
Out-paid in theſe you offer me, for all
My brave Sons Service, and my two Sons fall.

Valerius. The King imperfect Honours ne're beſtows,
And *Rome*'s proud Scepter reſcu'd from her Foes,
Makes him believe all Honours he can ſhew,
Much ſhort of what's to you and *Horace* due.
I'le go inform him what a noble ſence
Vertue inſpires you with in all events;

And

And how you love his Service.

Horace the Father. That will prove
So fair an office as will bind my love.

Scena Tertia.

Horace the Father. Camilla.

Horace the Father. Daughter 'tis now no time to weep, and in
This ſhine of Honour, ſuch a ſhow's ill ſeen.
Domeſtick loſſes we unjuſtly prize,
When they procure us publick Victories.
Rome triumphs over *Alba*, and 'tis fit,
Unto that ſingle good, all ills ſubmit.
You in your Servant loſe a man, no more;
A loſs that *Rome* can eaſily reſtore.
After this Victory, what *Roman* bloud,
Of ſuch a match will not be juſtly proud?
I'le go inform *Sabina* of what's paſt,
The news to her no doubt will bitter taſte;
And her three Brothers, by a Husband ſlain,
Will give her juſter reaſon to complain.
But yet I hope by gentle ways t' appeaſe
Thoſe ſorrows, which like fluctuating Seas,
Do often overwhelm the nobleſt mind;
And that her prudence with her courage joyn'd,
Will make that gen'rous love rule in her heart,
Due to the worthy Victors brave deſert.
I'th' interim conquer your effeminate grief,
And if he come, receive our *Roman* Chief,
With ſuch a conſtant brow as may declare,
How worthy of him you his Siſter are;
And by your noble carriage make it good,
That in one Womb, Heav'n form'd you of one Blood.

Scena

Scena Quarta.

Camilla. Yes, by aſſured ſigns I'le make him ſee
That vertuous Love can baffle Deſtiny;
Nor yet thoſe tyr'nnous cruel laws obeys
Our froward Stars ſeat in a Parents place.
Unpitying Father! on ſo juſt a ſcore
Thou call'ſt my ſorrows womaniſh and poor:
But I the more it does afflict thee, will
Dote on his memory, more lament him ſtill,
And make that ſorrow thou condemn'ſt to riſe
Equal to fortunes direct cruelties.
Did ever fortune in a few hours ſpace,
So often vary her inconſtant face!
So often kind, and cruel, good, and ill!
And ſtrook ſo often e're ſhe ſtrook to kill?
Was ever ſoul that in one day did bear
Such turns of joy, and grief, of hope, and fear?
A ſoul ſubjected unto more events,
And bandied ſo with various accidents:
An Oracle, a Dream, a Battel, Peace;
By turns aſſure, aſtoniſh, fright, appeaſe.
My Nuptials are prepar'd, and ſtraight my Love
Againſt my Brothers Arms, his Arms muſt prove:
Both Camps abhor the choice, and ſtay their rage,
Whom the unpitying Gods again engage.
Rome ſeems o'recome, and *Curiace*'s hand
From blood of mine alone remains unſtain'd.
Was not my grief (ye Powers) then too ſmall,
For *Rome*'s misfortune, and my Brothers fall?
Did not my hopes flatter my innocence,
When I thought ſtill to love him no offence?
His death has paid me home for't, and to that,
The cruel way of telling me his fate.
His Rival brings the news, and to my face
Repeats the hateful truth of his diſgrace.

Apparent joy doth on his forehead ſit,
Pleas'd with my loſs more than *Romes* benefit;
Whilſt building aiery hopes in his vain head,
He, with my Brother, triumphs o're the dead.
But this is nothing ſtill to what's behind,
On this occaſion I am joy enjoyn'd.
I muſt applaud the Conqueror's deſert,
And kiſs th' inhumane hand that gores my heart.
It is in ſuch a deplorable caſe
A crime to weep, and but to ſigh diſgrace.
Their brutiſh vertue in this ſhock of fate,
Will have me fancy my ſelf fortunate.
It is it ſeems a rule the vertuous have,
We muſt be barb'rous e're we can be brave.
Degenerate then my heart, let us diſclaim
This Father's Vertue, and this Brother's Fame.
'Tis honourable to be counted baſe,
Where Vertue riſes by ſuch brutiſh ways.
Break out my griefs, 'tis fruitleſs to forbear!
When all's once loſt, what have we left to fear?
Let us this bloody Conqueror deſpiſe,
And far from ſhunning him confront his eyes;
Reproach his Victory, provoke his Spleen,
And pleaſe your ſelves, by your diſpleaſing him.
See where he comes, now let us bravely ſhow
What to a Lover's death, chaſte Lovers owe.

Scena Quinta.

Horace. Camilla. Proculus, and two Souldiers, each bearing a Sword of the Curiatii.

Horace. See Siſter here the Arm that has on all
The *Alban* Champions wreak'd our Brother's fall;
The Arm that with the froward Fates of *Rome*
Single has fought, and ſingle overcome;

The Arm has conquer'd *Alba*, and alone
Betwixt two States ſtruck the deciſion.
Behold the Trophies which theſe *Romans* bear,
Theſe noble Enſigns of a Conqueror:
And pay the thanks thou ow'ſt thoſe Pow'rs that bleſs
The *Roman* Arms with ſuch a fair ſucceſs.

Camilla. Then take my tears, for theſe are all I owe.

Horace. Such actions ſhould not be rewarded ſo.
And our brave Brother's noble fall appears
Repaid with blood enough t' excuſe your tears.
" Loſſes reveng'd once to be loſſes ceaſe.

Camilla. Since then appeas'd with blood, they reſt in peace,
I ſhall forbear to pay that Fun'ral debt,
And will their deaths you have reveng'd forget:
But who'l revenge me for a Lovers fall,
And dry thoſe tears I pay his Funeral?

Horace. What ſay'ſt thou wretch?

Camilla. Ah my dear *Curiace!*

Horace. Impudent woman, and my bloods diſgrace,
Does yet that name in thy remembrance live,
And in thy heart a love for him ſurvive,
That as a publick enemy to *Rome*
I to my deathleſs Glory, have o'recome?
This criminal flame does to revenge aſpire!
Thy mouth proclaims th'unnatural hearts deſire!
Govern thy paſſion better, and be wiſe,
Let me not bluſh to hear thy guilty ſighs.
'Tis now high time to quench that flame, and chace
Thoſe clouds of ſorrow which obſcure thy face,
That on my triumph it may ſmiling ſhine.

Camilla. Give me a heart, Barbarian, then like thine,
And ſince thou wilt have me my ſoul explain,
Reſtore my Love, or let my Paſſion reign.
My joy, and grief, were by his Fortune led,
Living I lov'd him, and lament him dead.
Seek not thy Siſter where thou leftſt her laſt;
Thy cruelty that title has defac'd.

And having broke that bond, I am become
An injur'd Lover in a Sisters room.
Who, like a fury, on thy steps will wait,
To blast thee with reproaches for his fate.
Obdurate Tyger! who forbid'st mine eyes
Should pay their Tribute to his obsequies.
Would'st have my tongue to flatter thee, approve,
Boast, and applaud the slaughter of my Love,
And to the Skies, whilst thy exploits I rear,
Become a second time his murtherer?
May miseries consort that life of thine,
Till they increase, that thou may'st envy mine;
And may'st thou by some act of horror blot
The glory thy barbarity has got.

Horace. Heav'n! what a madness rages in her tongue,
Think'st thou I'm grown insensible of wrong,
That this affront I suffer in my blood?
Approve his death, makes for the publick good;
And to his memory prefer at least,
That which thy birth owes to *Rome*'s interest.

Camilla. *Rome*! that alone does my affliction prove,
Rome! to whom thou hast sacrific'd my Love!
Rome! that first gave thee life! that perfectly
I hate, because she does so honour thee!
May all her neighbours in one cause conspire,
To sack her Walls, and ruine her by fire.
And if all *Italy* appear too few,
May East and West joyn in the mischief too.
Far as the frozen poles may Nations come,
O're Hills, and Seas, to sack imperious *Rome*.
May her own Walls o'rewhelm and bury her,
And may her own Hands her own Bowels tear:
May Heav'n to whose wrath I votress am,
Rain on her Bosom deluges of Flame.
May I behold a Lightning fall so just,
Her Buildings ashes, and her Laurels dust.
May I of Heav'ns justice be so grac't,
To see the last of *Romans* breathe his last.

And

And laſtly (ye juſt Powers) I deſire
I may be cauſe of all, and pleas'd expire.

Horace *drawing his Sword, and purſuing her.*

It is too much: Patience a while, give place!
Down into Hell to ſeek thy *Curiace.*

Camilla *behind the Scene.*

Oh Traytor!

Horace. So may all offenders die
That dare lament a *Roman* enemy.

Scena Sexta.

Horace. Proculus.

Proculus. What have you done?

Horace. An exemplary act,
And a due juſtice for ſo foul a fact.

Proculus. But to your Siſter this was too ſevere.

Horace. Never tell me how near ally'd we were.
My Father ſcorns to own a child ſo baſe,
Curſes her Country, and diſclaims her Race;
All ties of Love are forfeited and gone,
And ſhe is ſtript of all Relation.
Her neareſt Kindred cannot but diſclaim
A beaſt that brands her Family with ſhame.
The prompteſt vengeance, and moſt cruel muſt,
For ſuch a Crime as hers be ſtil'd moſt juſt;
And thoſe her impious wiſhes ought to be
Stifled like Monſters in their infancy.

Scena Septima.

Horace. Sabina. Proculus.

Sabina. Why ſtops thy noble fury here? Come nigh,
See in her Fathers arms *Camilla* dye.
Come glut thine eyes with the alluring ſight,
And if thou think'ſt what's done be yet too light,
To thy dear *Rome* offer the blood remains
O'th' *Curiatii* in *Sabina*'s veins.
Never ſpare theirs, whilſt of thine own ſo free;
But to *Camilla*'s joyn my deſtiny:
Our crimes, as well as miſeries, are one,
Like her my Brother's ſlaughter I bemoan;
Tranſgreſſing more thy cruel Laws, then ſhe;
She only wept for one, but I for three,
To give thy fury a more juſt pretence.

Horace. *Sabina*, dry your tears, or get you hence.
Render thy ſelf worthy *Horatio*'s Wife,
And that repute thy chaſte, and vertuous life,
Has from mankind, as thy juſt merit won,
And wound me not with mean compaſſion.
If th'abſolute int'reſt of a vertuous flame
Commands our hearts and ſouls to be the ſame,
It is thy part to raiſe thy heart to mine,
I ought not to thy weakneſſes decline.
I love thee, and I know thy ſoul's grown ſad,
Call in my vertue to thy frailties aid;
Inſtead of clouding it, my glory ſhare,
And without ſtripping me my triumphs wear.
Art thou ſo great a foe unto my fame,
That I ſhould pleaſe thee better clad in ſhame?
Diſcover now the vertue of that flame
That ſeats a Husband in his ſov'reign claim
Above th' inferiour intereſt of blood,
And learn by my example to be good.

Sabina.

Sabina. Some nobler ſoul to imitate you chooſe;
I blame thee not, alas! for what I loſe:
My thoughts are govern'd as they ought to be,
And I do rather blame miſchance than thee.
But I all claim to *Roman* Vertue quit,
If inhumanity muſt purchaſe it;
Nor can I in my own eſteem appear
Wife unto him, who is the Conquerour:
But that at once I ſee my ſelf again
The deplorable Siſter of the ſlain.
Let us in publick, publick Conqueſts own,
Lament domeſtick miſeries at home.
And not regard a good derives to all,
When on our ſelves peculiar miſchiefs fall.
Why (cruel man) doſt thou thoſe Trophies wear
Lay by thoſe Laurels when thou enter'ſt here,
And joyn with me in tears. ——
Will not this raiſe
Thy vertues ſpleen to end my wretched days?
Can my repeated crime not move thine ire?
Camilla's bleſt could raiſe thy furies fire!
She tempted from thee, what ſhe wiſht for moſt,
And finds below all that above ſhe loſt.
Dear cauſe of all the woes my heart oppreſs,
Incline to pity if thine anger ceaſe:
One of the paſſions to thy choice propoſe,
To ſcourge my frailty, or to end my woes.
For death by favour, or deſert I move,
Be't an effect of Juſtice or of Love,
It ſhall be welcome, and I'le kiſs the brand
Performs that office from a Husband's hand.

Horace. You are unjuſt you Gods! why do you give
Imperious women this prerogative
O're noble ſouls, and pleas'd ſit looking on,
Whilſt they inſult in their dominion?
To what a ſtrait am I reduc'd, when I
To ſave my vertue am enforc'd to fly?
Farewel, follow me not, or dry your tears.

Sabina

Sabina. Oh wrath! O pity! deaf unto my prayr's!
My crime I ſee's neglected, and my woe
Does in the repetition tedious grow.
Thus, though I tempt his ſpirit various ways,
I can obtain nor puniſhment, nor grace:
But once again my tears their pow'r ſhall try,
And if that fail, by my own hand I'le die.

SONG.

(1.)

THe young, the fair, the chaſte, the good,
The ſweet Camilla, *in a flood*
Of her own Crimſon lies
A bloody, bloody ſacrifice
To Death and man's inhumane cruelties.
Weep Virgins till your ſorrow ſwells
In tears above the Ivory Cells
That guard thoſe Globes of light;
Drown, drown thoſe beauties of your eyes.
Beauty ſhould mourn, when beauty dies;
And make a general night,
To pay her innocence its Funeral rite.

(2.)

Death ſince his Empire firſt begun,
So foul a conqueſt never won,
Nor yet ſo fair a prize;
And had he had a heart, or eyes,
Her beauties would have charm'd his cruelties.
Even Savage Beaſts will Beauty ſpare,
Chaſt Lions fawn upon the fair;
Nor dare offend the chaſte:

But

But vitious man, that ſees and knows
The miſchiefs his wild fury does,
Humours his paſſions haſte,
To prove ungovern'd man the greateſt beaſt.

CHORUS.

Rome, *thou haſt bought thy Triumph dear,*
And like a greedy purchaſer,
Haſt laid a greater treaſure forth,
Than Alba's *fealty is worth.*
What haſt thou won, that can make good
The two Horatii's *laviſh'd blood?*
Or who are left fit to ſupply
The noble Curiatii?
You now may with confederate Arms
Invade your Borderers in ſwarms,
And think like two united Seas,
T' o'reflow your neighb'ring Provinces;
And for new Conqueſts may prepare,
When you are weaker than you were.
Too brave Horatio, *thou hadſt won*
Glory to have out-dar'd the Sun,
And live a Preſident in Rome
To vertue ages yet to come.
But this laſt act of thine has thrown
So black a cloud o're thy renown,
That future times at once muſt ſee
Thy Valour and thy Cruelty.
Thus as the Sun does climb the skies,
He ſtill in brighter Beams doth riſe,
Till in his full Meridian plac't,
His glories thence decline as faſt;
So men by dangerous degrees,
Arriv'd at honours precipice,
Striving ambitiouſly to get
To brighter ſtations higher yet:

There wanting footing for their pride,
They topple on the other ſide;
And in one act do forfeit more,
Than all they had atchiev'd before.
Were Love, and Piety ſuch crimes,
In theſe ſo celebrated times,
That Fury muſt in Juſtice ſtead
Level the mourners with the dead?
Muſt charming beauty, at whoſe feet
Valour its conqueſts ſhould ſubmit,
That Sex that privileg'd ſhould be
Even from inhumanity,
Th' effects of brutiſh fury feel?
Thy vertues ſweet Camilla *ſtill,*
Do in thy ev'ning brighter riſe
To baffle humane cruelties.
And braveſt Heroes *when they ſhall*
This great example of thy fall,
In the worlds brighteſt Annals ſee,
Even they themſelves ſhall envy thee.

The end of the Fourth Act.

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Horace the Father. Horace.

Horace the Father. LEt us from this ſad ſpectacle retire,
Heav'ns never-ſleeping juſtice to admire,
Which, when we ſwell to inſolence, knows how
To ſcourge our pride, and lay our glories low.
Heav'n ſorrow ever with our joy combines,
Sows ſeeds of frailty in the nobleſt minds,

And

And ſeldom does our braveſt actions crown,
With an unblemiſh'd and a true renown.
Camilla did offend, nor do I wear
Theſe clouds of ſorrow in my face for her;
I think my ſelf to be lamented more,
And more than her, alas! I thee deplore.
I do bewail my own ſiniſter fate
To have a Daughter ſo degenerate;
And thee for having by misfortune dy'd
Thy noble Sword in ſuch a Parricide.
Not that I do thy heat or juſtice blame,
Yet, I could wiſh thou hadſt eſcap'd the ſhame:
Her crime (though worthy death) had better far
Been ſpar'd, than thou her executioner.
Horace. My life, and death, Sir, in your ſentence lie,
I thought that blow due to *Romes* injury:
But if that zeal do criminal appear,
If I eternal brands of ſhame muſt wear,
And if my arm be infamous become,
With one ſole word you may pronounce my doom.
Take back that blood which my unworthy hand
Has by a coward act ſo baſely ſtain'd.
I could not ſuffer in your vertuous Race
A crime that might your noble name diſgrace:
Nor ſhould you with an over-partial eye
Suffer this blemiſh in your Family.
In acts where honour ſuffers 'tis diſcern'd,
That ſuch a Father as you are's concern'd.
T' excuſe ill Sons, even Fathers ſhould forbear,
Whilſt they conceal our faults, they faulty are;
And his own fame that Father little moves,
Who ſpares that guilt his vertue diſapproves.
Horace the Father. Fathers ſometimes from harſh extreams forbear,
And often ſpare their Sons themſelves to ſpare.
Our age leans on their youthful ſtrength, and ſpares
Them, ſince in them we muſt be ſufferers.
I look upon thee with a diff'rent eye
From that thou cenſur'ſt thine own vertue by:

And though thy reputation blemiſh'd ſtand,
I know ——but ſee the Guards, the King's at hand.

Scena Secunda.

Tullius. Valerius. Horace the Father, and Guards.

Horace the Father. Great Sir, you do your Servant too much grace,
I bluſh to ſee you in ſo mean a place.
Permit me that in gratitude thus low.——
Tullius. No Father riſe, and let your merit know
I pay in this the leaſt of what is due
From vertuous Princes to ſuch men as you.
Such ſervices pretend to all whate're
Subjects can merit or their Kings confer.
Valerius word was paſt; nor could I be
Juſt to my ſelf, till I had ſet him free.
I heard from him; nor did I doubt befreo,
With what a noble conſtancy you bore
Your brave Sons deaths, and know that to a ſoul
So fortifi'd as yours, ſo right, and whole;
What comforts I could bring would only prove
Unneceſſary complements of Love:
But now that I have heard what a ſad fate
Does on your conqu'ring Sons brave valour wait,
And that his zeal to th' publick cauſe has led
His ſudden fury to commit a deed,
Deprives you of an onely Daughter; then
Whilſt I conſider the moſt brave are men,
I muſt confeſs I cannot chooſe but fear
How your great heart, ſo great a blow can bear.
Horace the Father. Sir, with a troubled, but a patient ſence.
Tullius. A brave effect of your experience.
Many by living long have learnt to know
That happineſs is but a ſtep to woe:
But few apply that knowledge to the beſt,
And moſt mens vertues truckle, when oppreſt.

If

If in your King's compaſſion you can find
A comfort to th' afflictions of your mind,
Believe it great as them, and that I do
With the ſame friendſhip love, and pity you.

Valerius. Since, mighty Sir, into the hands of Kings
Heav'n delegates the Law to order things,
And that within their ſacred power lies
Reward for vertue, puniſhment for vice:
Permit a loyal Subject in this caſe,
To prompt that juſtice your compaſſion ſtays,
And ſay you ſeem this murther to forget,
Whilſt you lament, and do not puniſh it.
Permit.——

Horace the Father. What! that *Romes* conquering Champion die,
And have his ſervice paid with infamy?

Tullius. Let him ſay on, *Horatio*, and forbear,
I who am to determine, ought to hear;
And do not fear but I will do you right,
It is at once my duty, and delight.
When juſtice even, and unbiaſs'd flows,
She then a Monarch for a Monarch ſhows.
Divinity ſhines round about him then,
Above the common race of common men:
And that which makes me moſt commiſerate
The wretched fortune of your ſad eſtate,
Is, to hear juſtice clamour'd on your Son,
Who has for *Rome* ſo brave a ſervice done.

Valerius. Permit then, juſteſt Monarch, that in me
All vertuous men appeal for equity.
'Tis not, alas! that our repining hearts
Envy thoſe honours, crown his brave deſerts;
All you can give, ſhort of his merit fall,
His glorious actions ſhine above them all.
Add new, and greater ſtill to thoſe before,
We all are willing to contribute more:
But let him ſince he could obſcure his fame
By ſuch an act of horror, and of ſhame,

At once for merit, and a crime ſo high,
A Victor triumph, an Offender dye.
Check his wild rage, and reſcue thoſe remain
Of *Romes* brave off-ſpring, if you mean to reign.
Your peoples ruine, or their ſafety lies,
Or in his Pardon, or his Sacrifice.
Few *Romans* ever could in *Alba* boaſt
Of *Alba*'s loſs, but they in *Alba* loſt
Some ſuch relations, as might force their eyes
To private tears in publick Victories.
If ſuch a vertuous ſorrow then become
Criminal to the intereſt of *Rome*;
If his ſucceſs oblige you to diſpence,
And priviledge ſo great an inſolence;
Who will this barbarous Conquerour forbear,
Whoſe fury would not his own Siſter ſpare;
Nor yet excuſe the ſorrow all approve
In a chaſte Virgin raviſh'd of her Love?
Rome, though ſhe triumphs, is *Horatio*'s ſlave,
He has the ſovereign Pow'r to kill, or ſave;
Nor have we now a longer time to live,
Than as he's pleas'd to ſentence, or forgive.
I could to *Romes* concernment add how baſe,
Mean, and below a man, the action was;
I could demand to have the murther'd Maid,
His Valours triumph, in your preſence laid:
You then would ſee the yet warm Crimſon riſe,
And bluſhing blame a Brother's cruelties.
So ſad a ſight no Advocate would need,
Her Youth and Beauty would for juſtice plead:
But I abhor in ſuch a caſe as this,
All ways that bear a ſhew of Artifice.
To morrow you have ſet apart to pay
Your Vows to Heav'n for this victorious day:
And can you think thoſe Deities, that bear
Thunder t' avenge the innocent ſufferer,
Will deign t'accept of Incenſe from a hand
In a black Parricide ſo lately ſtain'd?

So

So great a Sacriledge would draw on you
The vengeance that to him alone is due.
Look on him then as one whom Heav'n does hate,
And that wherein he has been fortunate,
Romes ſtars have more by their own influence done,
Than by the Valour of their Champion:
Since the ſame Gods who did his Conqueſt crown,
Permit him thus to blemiſh his renown;
And in one day, after exploits ſo high,
To claim a Triumph, and deſerve to dye.
This, Sir, is that your judgment muſt decide,
Rome here has ſuffer'd the firſt Parricide,
The conſequence, and Heaven's diſpleaſure, are
The things Religion teaches us to fear;
Preſerve your people from his inſolence,
And appeaſe Heav'n by cens'ring his offence.

Tullius. *Horace,* make your defence.

Horace. Sir to what end,
Should I an act you know ſo well defend?
Your judgment's Law, though it pronounce me dead.
'Gainſt Kings reſults, Offenders vainly plead,
And the moſt innocent the Sun can ſhow,
When Kings conclude them criminal, are ſo.
Nay, 'tis a crime t'excuſe our ſelves to thoſe
Who by their title, may our lives diſpoſe;
And when they cut us off we muſt believe
It is becauſe we are unfit to live.
Pronounce my doom then Sir, I will obey't;
The life that others love, I ought to hate:
Nor do I think *Valerius* too ſevere,
He proſecutes his Miſtriſs murtherer.
I do with him againſt my ſelf conſpire,
He would my death, and 'tis my own deſire;
With this diſtinction, that I think by that
To keep my honour in its preſent height;
Whereas he thinks thereby to blot that name
I would perpetuate to live in Fame.

We rarely meet occaſions, Sir, wherein
A hearts whole ſtock of courage may be ſeen:
Valour acts more, or leſs, as time doth fit,
And as occaſion ſerves or hinders it,
And manly, or effeminate, appears
At the diſcretion of the cenſurers.
The common ſort, whoſe underſtandings be
By ignorance limited to what they ſee,
Proportion force by its effects, and gueſs
At Valour, as effects are more or leſs;
Expecting vainly, that who wonders do,
Bleſt once by Fortune, ſhould do always ſo.
After an act illuſtriouſly bright,
All that ſeem leſs darken that actions light.
Men look we always ſhould in every place
Perform our actions with an equal grace;
Without conſidering in th'occaſion
What could have been, or more, or better done;
Nor ſeeing that in actions of leſs fame,
Th' occaſion's leſs, the vertue ſtill the ſame.
Great names by this injuſtice are defac'd,
Mens firſt Acts honours periſh in their laſt:
And who once reaches a ſupream renown,
If he will hold it there, muſt there ſit down.
I ſhall not boaſt what honour I have got,
Your ſelf, great Sir, ſaw my three Combats fought:
But 'twill be hard ever again to find
An opportunity of ſuch a kind,
To crown my Valours worth with a ſucceſs
That muſt not after theſe exploits go leſs.
So that to give my Fame immortal breath,
I have no way, but by immediate death.
I ſhould have dy'd before, nor liv'd ſo long;
I've liv'd already to my Glory's wrong.
A man like me perceives his name decays,
When but in danger of the leaſt diſgrace;
And my own hand e're this had clear'd the doubt,
But my blood's yours, and dare not ſally out,

With-

Without your leave: Sir, your allowance muſt
Precede that action, elſe it were unjuſt.
Rome wants no generous Warriors, there are thoſe,
When I am gone, will fight her braveſt foes
As well as I have done, and pluck freſh boughs
Of greener Laurel to adorn her brows.
Then with an uſeleſs man (great Sir) diſpence,
And if my acts deſerve a recompence,
Let this be it, that with this conqu'ring Arm,
Still with the vigour of late action warm,
I ſacrifice my ſelf to my own fame,
Without a mention of my Siſters name.

Scena Tertia.

Tullius. Valerius. Horace the Father. Horace. Sabina and Julia.

Sabina. Oh hear her Sir, in whoſe afflicted mind
A Wifes and Siſters ſorrows are combin'd;
Who deſolate at your ſacred feet, in tears
Laments her Race, and for her Husband fears.
Not that I would by Artifice withdraw
A guilty man from the offended Law;
Uſe him like one, maugre his Victories,
But the brave Criminal in me chaſtiſe.
Let my unhappy blood his forfeit pay,
The Victim's ſtill the ſame, nor can you ſay
Your juſtice is by pity overcome,
Whilſt I his dearer part, abide your doom.
His matchleſs love makes it appear he lives
In his own perſon leſs, than in his Wives:
And he, if I be ſacrific'd, thereby
A ſadder death, than in himſelf, ſhall dye.
The death I beg, and which I muſt obtain,
Will finiſh mine, but aggravate his pain.

Behold Sir, here th' exceſſes of my woe,
And the ſad ſtate my life's reduc't unto.
How can I without horror e're embrace
A man whoſe Sword has murther'd all my race;
And without wickedneſs a Husband hate,
For his brave Service to his Prince and State?
By death, then Sir, preſerve me from the Crime
Either of loving, or not loving him.
In this extremity I ſhall embrace
The heavieſt ſentence for the greateſt grace.
I ſoon, alas! with this weak arm could do
The thing for which I do ſo humbly ſue:
But Death will be more welcome, if thereby
I may redeem my Husbands infamy:
If by my blood I may thoſe Deities,
His ſevere vertue may have mov'd, appeaſe,
Atone *Camilla*'s angry Ghoſt, and ſave
To *Rome* a man ſo fortunate and brave.

Horace *the Father ſpeaking to the King.*

I that defence Sir then muſt undertake,
My Son and Daughter unconcern'd forſake;
They with *Valerius* ſide, and are all three
Combin'd together in conſpiracy
Againſt that little blood does yet remain
From War and Ruine, to reſtore my name.

Speaking to Sabina.

Thou who by fruitleſs ſorrows, which oppoſe
The duty that a Wife the Husband owes,
Thy Husband would'ſt forſake, and deſperate,
Accompany thy Brothers in their Fate:
Go rather, and conſult their generous Ghoſts;
'Tis true, their lives by *Horace* hand they loſt:
But 'twas in *Alba*'s quarrel that they dy'd,
And they in that are fully ſatisfi'd.

Since

Since Heav'n deſtin'd *Alba* for a ſlave,
(If there remain remembrance in the Grave)
They leſs repine at their miſhap and wounds,
Being the glory unto us redounds.
Thy frantick ſorrow they will all diſclaim,
Thy ſighs, and tears, will diſapprove, and blame,
And will condemn the horror thou putſt on,
For ſuch a Husband has ſo bravely done.
Sabina be their Siſter, try your tears,
And do your duty, as they have done theirs.

Speaking to the King.

Valerius animates himſelf in vain,
Againſt this noble Hero to complain.
A ſudden paſſion in the courſe of time
Was never yet reputed for a Crime;
Rather than puniſhment, it merits praiſe
When vertue does that ſudden paſſion raiſe,
To love even to Idolatry our foes,
And curſe our Country for their overthrows:
Theſe are call'd Crimes, theſe the offences were,
He could not even in his Siſter ſpare.
His love to *Rome*, and her concerns alone
Prompted his hand to execution.
Had not his Countries love tempted his ſpleen,
He at this inſtant innocent had been.
How ſtrangely do I talk! what was't I meant
To ſay he had been; he is innocent:
Or Sir, I had with my own hand e're this
Puniſh'd the forfeit, had he done amiſs;
I ſhould have made the ſovereign pow'r known,
That Nature gives a Father o're his Son.
Sir, I love honour, nor can brook diſgrace,
Much leſs a Crime unpuniſh'd in my Race.

[*pointing to* Valerius.

Of which I only ſhall his witneſs need,
He can reſolve you what my rage decreed,
When (ign'rant yet of one half of the fight)
I thought *Rome* ruin'd in his ſhameful flight.
I wonder who bids him buſie his cares
About my private Family-affairs?
I wonder whence the priviledge he draws,
Without my leave to plead my Daughters cauſe?
Or by what right does he an int'reſt claim,
Where I her Father unoffended am?
But 'tis objected as a politick care,
That others may the like misfortune ſhare.
Sir, we are only jealous of the ſhame
That in particular concerns our name;
And letting others infamies alone,
Do only bluſh at thoſe which are our own.

Turning to Valerius.

Thou may'ſt *Valerius* weep before his face,
He's only angry at the Crimes on's Race:
None, ſave thoſe of his blood, can blaſt thoſe boughs
Of living Laurel that adorn his brows.
Ye ſacred wreaths, that Envy wiſhes dead,
You, who from thunder have ſecur'd his head;
Will you that ſacred head abandon now,
Unto a deſpicable Hangman's blow?
Will ye, O *Romans*, on a day like this,
See and permit the bloody Sacrifice
Of that victorious Champion; but for whom,
And his brave Valour, *Rome* had been no *Rome*?
And ſuffer here a *Roman* to defame
With accuſations his illuſtrious name!
Valerius ſay, where would'ſt thou have him dye,
What Scene is proper for his Tragedy?
Within theſe Walls, where ſtill the people raiſe
High Acclamations to his Valours praiſe?

Or

Or in the Camp yet fuming with a flood
Of the late conquer'd *Curiatiis* blood?
Or elſe amongſt the *Alban* Heroes Tombs?
Sure that place worſt the Tragedy becomes.
That honourable Field that witneſſes
At once his proweſs and our brave ſucceſs.
Thou canſt not poſſibly chooſe out a place,
To be the Theatre of his diſgrace,
Wherein his noble conqueſts will not riſe
In glory, to reproach your cruelties.
The Camp, the Liſts, within, without the Town,
All places eccho with his high renown.
All things oppoſe, and all men diſapprove
The vain attempts of thy unjuſter Love,
That would with blood ſo *Roman*, and ſo pure,
The glory of ſo bright a day obſcure.
Alba her ſelf that object cannot ſee,
And *Rome* with tears will ſtay that Tragedy.

Speaking to the King.

But Sir, your juſtice will prevent that doom,
You underſtand the intereſts of *Rome*.
What he has done he yet may do again,
And once more may her liberty maintain;
Give nothing to my Age, Sir, in this caſe.
To day I Father of four Children was,
Of which three in *Rome*'s Quarrels buried are,
One I have left, reſerve him, Sir, for her.
Rob not this City by his Sacrifice
Of that defence which in his Valour lies;
And give me your permiſſion, that I may
Direct to him, what I have left to ſay.

Speaking to Horace.

Horatio do not think the common bruit
Can raiſe, or leſſen a brave man's repute.

The rabble ever do delight in noiſe,
But in a trice, change their inconſtant voice:
And the renown they give us bears no date,
But periſhes as illegitimate.
It is for Kings, great ones, for ſouls that are
Advanc'd above the common pitch by far,
To cenſure vertue, to diſcern, and know
The noble ſpirits from the mean and low.
From them alone a true renown proceeds,
And they alone record illuſtrious deeds.
Do always like thy ſelf, thy glory then
Shall live, and flouriſh amongſt worthy men;
Although a leſs occaſion may perchance
Abuſe ſhort-ſighted vulgar ignorance.
Abhor thy life no more, but live, at leaſt
For mine, thy Kings, and Countries intereſt.
Live, *Romes* oppoſers bravely to oppoſe,
And fight her Battels with the braveſt foes.
Sir, I have ſaid too much, though the affair
May well excuſe a Father in his care.
I have pronounc'd the general ſence of *Rome*,
And now expecting ſtay your final doom.

Valerius. Sir give me leave.——

Tullius. *Valerius* no more,
I yet retain all you have ſaid before,
And have conſider'd every circumſtance,
Reaſon, and word, that ſerves to prove th' offence.
This bloody fact committed in deſpight
Of Law, and Juſtice, almoſt in our ſight,
Violates Nature, nay doth higher riſe,
With humane rage to wound the Deities;
And ſudden paſſions that ſuch crimes produce,
For facts like this, are but a weak excuſe.
Our moſt indulgent Laws herein ſpeak high,
And by their cenſure he deſerves to die.
If by another way, and leſs ſevere,
We do conſider the offender here,

His crime, though inexcuſable, proceeds
From the ſame Sword and Arm have done thoſe deeds;
By whoſe effects *Rome* bravely overcame,
And I a King of two great people am.
The double Crown on *Romes* Imperial Head,
In favour of his life does highly plead:
But for his Valour, I who now do ſway
A two-fold Scepter, had been forc'd t'obey;
And where I ſit a double Monarch Crown'd,
Had been a Captive made, ſubdu'd, and bound.
Many good Subjects in their Countries Wars
Can only ſerve their Princes by their pray'rs.
All men may love their Kings, but every one
Cannot ſecure their States as he has done.
The art, and power to eſtabliſh Thrones,
Are vertues Heaven gives few private ones.
Such Servants are the Nerves, and ſtrength of Kings,
The Props of Kingdoms, and the glorious things
They do and ſuffer in their Countries Cauſe,
Seats them above the cenſure of the Laws.
Let them be ſilent then, and here let *Rome*
Forbear to utter an ungrateful doom
On an offence ſhe ſaw before, when yet
She had no name, her *Romulus* commit;
In her Deliverer ſhe may forbear
The fault ſhe could in her raſh Founder ſpare.
Live then brave Souldier, ſpirit too ſublime,
Thy vertue ſets thy glory 'bove thy Crime.
Since generoſity th' offence did make,
Th' effect we pardon for the cauſes ſake.
Live to thy Countries nobleſt, braveſt ends;
But I muſt have you and *Valerius* friends;
And in a friendſhip ſuch as ſhall permit
Fury, nor malice to extinguiſh it.
And whether love, or obligation were
The motives made him proſecute you here,
Of what is paſt no memory retain,
But reconcile him to your love again.

And ſweet *Sabina*, let your great heart chaſe
Theſe marks of frailty from your lovely face.
You can their Siſter you lament expreſs
In nothing more, than in lamenting leſs.
But we to morrow ſet apart to pay
Thanks to the Gods for this victorious day;
And Heaven would with an averted face
Receive our Vows, and would withdraw his grace,
Should not our Prieſts e're we begin, take care
To purifie th'unhappy Conqueror.
Be that his Fathers task, he may with eaſe
At the ſame time *Camilla*'s Ghoſt appeaſe.
I pity her, and wiſh her ſoul may have
What ſatisfaction can be in the Grave;
Since in one day, one zeal's ungovern'd heat
Did her brave Lovers, and her Fate compleat.
The day that ſaw them dye, e're hence he goes
Shall ſee one Monument their Corps encloſe.

The King riſes, and all follow him except Julia.

Scena Quarta.

Julia. Heav'n ſweet *Camilla* did foretell,
The Tragical event drew nigh;
But did the ſecret part conceal,
From the moſt piercing Judgment's eye:
It ſeem'd to ſpeak of Nuptial Joys,
It ſeem'd to ſooth thy innocence,
And did thy Death the while diſguiſe,
Deluding our intelligence.

" Alba *and* Rome *to morrow ſhall ſurceaſe*
" *Their Wars, thy Vows are heard, they ſhall have peace,*
" *And thou be joyn'd to* Curiace *in a tie,*
" *Never to be diſſolv'd by Deſtiny.*

SONG.

SONG.

(1.)

How frailty makes us to our wrong
Fear, and be loth to dye,
When Life is only dying long
And Death the remedy!
We ſhun eternity,
And ſtill would grovel here beneath,
Though ſtill in woe and ſtrife,
When Life's the path that leads to Death,
And Death the door to Life.

(2.)

The Fear of Death is the diſeaſe
Makes the poor patient ſmart;
Vain apprehenſions often freeze
The vitals in the heart,
Without the dreaded Dart.
When fury rides on pointed ſteel
Deaths fear the heart doth ſeize,
Whilſt in that very fear we feel
A greater ſting than his.

(3.)

But chaſte Camilla's *vertuous fear*
Was of a nobler kind,
Not of her end approaching near
But to be left behind,
From her dear Love disjoyn'd;

When Death in courteſie decreed,
To make the fair his prize,
And by one cruelty her freed
From humane cruelties.

CHORUS.

Thus Heav'n does his will diſguiſe,
To ſcourge our curioſities,
When too inquiſitive we grow
Of what we are forbid to know.
Fond humane nature that will try
To ſound th' Abiſs of Deſtiny!
Alas! what profit can ariſe
From thoſe forbidden ſcrutinies,
When Oracles what they foretel
In ſuch Ænigma's ſtill conceal,
That ſelf-indulging man ſtill makes
Of deepeſt truths moſt ſad miſtakes!
Or could our frailty comprehend
The reach thoſe riddles do intend:
What boots it us when we have done,
To foreſee ills we cannot ſhun?
But 'tis in man a vain pretence,
To know or propheſie events,
Which only execute, and move,
By a dependence from above.
'Tis all impoſture to deceive
The fooliſh and inquiſitive,
Since none foreſee what ſhall befal,
But Providence that governs all.
Reaſon wherewith kind Heav'n has bleſt
His creature man above the reſt,
Will teach humanity to know
All that it ſhould aſpire unto;
And whatſoever fool relies
On falſe deceiving propheſies,

Stri-

Striving by conduct to evade
The harms they threaten, or perſwade,
Too frequently himſelf does run
Into the danger he would ſhun,
And pulls upon himſelf the woe
Fate meant he ſhould much later know.
By ſuch deluſions vertue ſtrays
Out of thoſe honourable ways
That lead unto that glorious end,
To which the noble ever bend.
Whereas if vertue were the guide,
Mens minds would then be fortifi'd
With conſtancy, that would declare
Againſt ſupineneſs, and deſpair.
We ſhould events with patience wait,
And nor deſpiſe, nor fear our Fate.

The end of the Fifth and laſt Act.

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